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CZECHOSLOVAKIA the existential opposition

DUTCH TREAT and Roman heartburn

HADRIAN VII the would-be pope, in Venice, on Broadway

THOMAS MERTON an unpublished 'anti-poem'

BOOK REVIEWS Ratté, Malin, others

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NEWS AND VIEWS

"Negroes migrating from Mississippi must wish they were Cubans," TRB wrote in a recent *New Republic*; they'd get so much more assistance, including financial, from the government.

To dramatize the point comes news that the Small Business Administration is backing a $900,000 shopping center in Miami for Cuban refugee merchants —and backing it under a program authorized by Congress ostensibly to help Negroes start businesses.

The government will guarantee shopping center rents totaling $2,643,000 over a 20-year period. Which is a whopping bit of backing.

Not that the Cuban refugees don't need the backing or don't merit it; but it is interesting that the funding should flow in that direction and not to black merchants in Miami.

A Small Business Administration official attempted an answer: an effort to start a Negro shopping center in Miami failed, so the agency went ahead with the project for Cuban refugees.

Take that with a grain of politics, Southern-style.

Speaking of politics, the director of the Small Business Administration for the Miami region is Thomas A. Butler, a neighbor and close friend of Charles G. (Bebe) Rebozo; who is, in turn, a neighbor and close friend of Richard Nixon. So what do you know? Rebozo and his realty partner, C. V. M. Trice, Jr., are the developers of the shopping center. "I have always considered Rebozo to be interested in the Cuban colony," Butler told the press.

At $2,643,000 in guaranteed rents, Jack Benny would be interested.

Coordinating the shopping center property for Rebozo and Trice will be Dr. Edgardo Buttari. Buttari headed the Cubans for Nixon campaign.

•

H-bombs made as simply as Campbell's soup—the day may be nearer than you fear. So Sheldon Novick reports in *Scientist and Citizen*.

The possibility is opened up by scientific developments which would bypass uranium (extremely scarce and expensive) and plutonium (extremely expensive) as essential ingredients in fission bombs.

Recent research, Novick writes, shows that lasers, perhaps in combination with conventional explosives, could produce the high temperatures needed to trigger the H-bomb fusion reaction.

The scary consequence: "An H-bomb built of easily-obtained materials, in an ordinary machine shop." And built cheaply.

The U.S. Atomic Energy Commission is aware of the possibility, and recently proposed secrecy regulations designed in part to deflect private research.

According to Novick, however, "There does not seem to be any chance of keeping secret the theoretical possibility of laser-triggered bombs . . . The Atomic Energy Commission's new secrecy regulations themselves expose this possibility."

•

The current *Columbia Journalism Review* ticks off the frequency with which communicators are being uncovered in conflict-of-interest situations.

Chet Huntley (NBC) attacks meat-inspection legislation while himself involved in a cattle-feeding enterprise; Dr. Howard A. Rusk (*New York Times*) writes glowingly of the drug industry while maintaining extra-curricular ties with the drug industry; O. Ray Chalk's Washington *Examiner* editorializes against bus drivers employed by a transit system headed by Chalk; WJIM-TV, Lansing, engages in controversy concerning an airport restaurant without mentioning that the station owns the restaurant.

Columbia Journalism Review poses the questions: "Are we to conclude . . . that sensitivity to the interests of readers and viewers is declining? Or is the problem that those in the profession most concerned—both the practitioners and the critics—have not made enough noise about the matter?" The questions answer themselves.

Incidentally, *CJR* keeps its own flanks covered with the footnote: "The editor of the *Review* has prepared a statement containing . . . information on his interests. A copy will be sent on request. Essentially, the statement says that the editor's wife works for a newspaper, the *New York Times*, and that she owns *Times* stock worth $11,700. The editor owns Crowell Collier & Macmillan stock worth $7,880. These are their only holdings in the communication field."

•

"Guideline," the U.S. bishops' clerical successor to the lay-directed "Catholic Hour," has everything going for it: network time on NBC-TV; coverage in the Catholic press which the "Catholic Hour" never got; episcopal headliners sitting for interviews, and even an occasional "cousin" interviewer asking planted questions of the episcopal guest.

Like Floyd Anderson of NC News Service querying Cardinal Cody on the "so-called wealth of the Catholic Church," and whether it was "reasonable and justified" for the bishops of Illinois to send a letter to state legislators lining up support for state aid. Cody's eyes slip to papers off-camera and he reads his pseudo-spontaneous answers.

But occasionally there's a hitch, as when an innocent magazine journalist asks Cardinal Krol a question based on Newman's philosophy about consulting the faithful on matters of doctrine, and Cardinal Krol has to admit to the world he never heard of it.

Little things like that restore belief in the existence of a God of justice.

•

Like the man said, the job can be done too good. A Minneapolis clean-literature organization obtained an anti-smut film from a Los Angeles counterpart group; showed it at K. of C. Hall, Hopkins, and Holy Rosary Church, Minneapolis; blushed and hid it away. "Too obscene for showing."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Roy Wilkins Responds

New York

To the Editors: We have read the article by Melvin L. Wulf, "Purge at NAACP," [Dec. 20] and have noted the footnote which states: "He speaks here for himself."

If Lewis M. Steel had followed the advice of at least two attorneys who read his piece in manuscript he, also, would have provided for a similar disclaimer in the identification of himself when the *New York Times Magazine* printed his article October 13, 1968.

I am fascinated by Mr. Wulf's deduction from a quotation in my letter accepting Mr. Carter's resignation. Gratuitously, Mr. Wulf offers "what Wilkins meant to say" as being "that the legal staff disagreed with the pace which the NAACP was pursuing."

It so happens (as it does frequently when a third party, notwithstanding his ignorance of the internal nuances of a particular organization situation, undertakes to interpret it) that I meant nothing of the kind. My language referred (as it stated) to the coordination of the legal staff with the aims of the membership.

"Wilkins," the article states, "would charge that the others were trying to go too far too fast." Mr. Wulf cites no documentation for this allegation. Nor can he. On the contrary, our Association and I, personally, have repeatedly complained for decades that the pace of desegregation and other aspects of the civil rights struggle has been far too slow.

It is so easy to forget that the NAACP, in contrast to other civil liberties and civil rights organizations, has a membership of about 450,000 dues-paying persons. They are organized into more than 1,700 local units in about 40 state conventions. The board of directors of 6 persons is elected by this membership.

In many cases the board members are former or still-functioning local or

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CAMARA AND ILLICH

Latin America may be *the* test case for the future of America as a world power and for the Church as a credible institution. The invasion of the Dominican Republic placed the debate about Vietnam in the context of systematic American imperialism. The continuing economic backwardness of U.S.-dominated nations undermines claims to the "rationality" of our economic system. The Church, too, faces its moment of truth: long allied to oligarchs, yet nominally the Church of the baptized masses, it now must choose.

Two recent events point up both aspects, Catholic and American, of the Latin American challenge. In New York, Brazilian Archbishop Helder Camara struck at the U.S.'s inability to adjust to the realities of revolution by calling for an end to the "continental excommunication" of Cuba. The political ostracism of the Castro regime, he said, was based on "sterile hate." Cuba should be reintegrated into the Latin American community "with due respect for her political option and acceptance of her autonomy as a sovereign nation."

Several days earlier, the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith condemned the Center for Inter-Cultural Documentation (CIDOC) and the Spanish-language training school established by Msgr. Ivan Illich in Cuernavaca, Mexico. The Congregation's action was curial to a "t." No specific reasons were given. Due process was ignored. Instead, a letter asking Illich to "offer his opinions as a spiritual sacrifice" was sent to the bishop of Cuernavaca while a directive was prepared, demanding that bishops and

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religious superiors forbid priests and religious from attending CIDOC or the language school. If followed, the ban might affect up to 20 percent of the student body.

Msgr. Illich is apparently paying the price for being one of the Church's most original and outspoken innovators. His suggestions that fewer priests might indeed be better for the Church and that American Catholic efforts in Latin America might unknowingly be serving U.S. interests and the Latin status quo earned him many enemies. In order to assure a completely unfettered dialogue at CIDOC and also because Illich firmly believes that the radical priest should no more manipulate Gospel authority to his purposes than the conservative oligarch, he established the center in 1966 as a totally secular institution under Mexican law. This very attempt to remove CIDOC from the strictly ecclesiastical sphere disturbed the bureaucratic sensibilities of some churchmen while the resulting participation of atheists and radicals at the center disturbed the conservative sensibilities of others.

Illich is one of the Church's most valuable figures, not only for his commitment to radical change for Latin America but also for his desire to avoid the "clericalism of the left" which sometimes infects progressive Catholic movements. Financial pressures and an attempt to have him recalled from Mexico have already failed. The Congregation's action deserves the same fate. If the growing protest does not reverse Rome's directive, then bishops, superiors, and individual priests and religious ought simply to ignore it.

A MATTER OF MEMOIRS

The political memoir season opens every four years according to the longevity of presidential administrations. These selective remembrances of things past are not usually of moment longer than their magazine serialization. Sometimes revealing, more often self-advertising, they are simply twice-told tales of triumph and acquittal. Lyndon Johnson's "In the Quest of Peace" (February's *Reader's Digest*) is a primitive example of this genre. "The penalty I paid for facing duty in Vietnam was a high one," writes the former President, "but was nothing compared to the penalties that would have been exacted had I not done so."

Apart from rehabilitation literature and toady reminiscence, can we expect an insider's critical appraisal of the Johnson years? Certainly the departures of Moyers, Goldberg, McNamara and Bundy have unstated motives and underplayed implications. If one were to guess the unknown factors behind their resignations, Vietnam policy would be among them. For none of these advisors now identifies himself with the original canons of the war. As editor of *Newsday,* Moyers long ago moved leftward with the doves. Goldberg is presently directing the Spock-Coffin appeal. McNamara supported Bob Kennedy in his campaign to end "McNamara's War." Even Bundy recommends a phased withdrawal of American troops.

Further dissent within the White House was reported in a front page *New York Times* story (Jan. 24) concerning the alleged resignation offers of Secretaries Wirtz, Udall, Clark and Cohen. Although the internal machinations were not made clear, it appeared that in the case of Wirtz and Udall differences over the war exacerbated employer-employee relations. But following the discreet ways of American public servants, protest was never made public.

The matter of memoirs, however, even if confessional, is subordinate to the larger question: Why did not high ranking officials announce their Vietnam opposition to the nation? For what reason of career, friendship or personal incrimination has the cause for peace been impoverished? There can be no sufficient reason, just as there can be no latter-day salvation granted by memoirs.

After serving on the editorial staff since the fall of 1967, Jonathan Eisen leaves the magazine this week. He takes with him our best wishes and thanks for his many contributions.

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Shades of the Past Haunt an Inaugural

Eight years ago, John Fitzgerald Kennedy summoned America to a new age of greatness. Standing in the same spot, Richard Milhous Nixon implored his countrymen please to lower their voices.

The grey platitudes of the Nixon address certified that the decade was indeed spent. Shadowing the official Inauguration was a counter-inaugural, representing the angry and artless rump of an idealistic movement itself spent. The demonstrations were as belabored as the Republican merry-making—as if in the fugue of the last confused years the creative had been screened out, and both strains of the mindless come together.

The counter-inaugural weekend began Saturday with a day of workshops, fanning out into two demonstrations—one by Liberated Women confronting a reception for Distinguished Ladies, the other posing perhaps 1,000 youths stationed opposite the Hilton against guests arriving at an inaugural Salute to Young America. As inane as the official event was, the chants of "Fascist Pig" were hardly less so.

The following day, Sunday, a rally and a counter-inaugural parade attracted, at tops, 10,000 marchers. For the most part, there were few middle class or middle aged; the movement was down to its narrowest core. And even this rump was split between the mensheviks of the National Mobilization who had patiently negotiated for parade and tent permits, promising no disruption of of-

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ficial events, and the bolsheviks of New York SDS who favored confrontation and savored cop-fighting.

For the counter-inaugurators Sunday afternoon ended with an inconclusive and generally messy skirmish with police outside the Reception for Spiro Agnew at the Smithsonian. Aside from donning Nixon masks, the demonstrators were generally oblivious and unresponsive to the occasion which provided the excuse for their confrontation.

Of the counter-inaugural events, only the counter-inaugural ball, held in a giant circus tent, with good rock and good humor, clearly bested its Republican counterpart, revolutionary culture making more sense than irrelevant, hard revolutionary politics. (Viz. Beatles vs. Stones.)

At the Inauguration ceremonies Monday, Everett McKinley Dirksen, acting as emcee, seemed, like the demonstrators, a parody of himself. The card included the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Archbishop Iakovos, a Rabbi whose invocation might have been mistaken for the Inaugural address, Billy Graham's revival preaching, and finally, the swearing-in and President Nixon's words to the nation.

The speech was a patchwork of flotsam and jetsam, with abrupt changes in mood, and no discernible continuity. The President jumped from the search for peace, to America's "crisis of the spirit," to togetherness, and back again. Where it rose to rhetoric, it was hauntingly and obscenely Kennedy in rhinestones:

JFK, 1960: "Let the word go forth, from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans . . ."

Nixon, 1968: "Let this message be heard by strong and weak alike . . ."

Kennedy: "Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill. . . ."

Nixon: "Let all nations know that during this administration our lines of communication will be open."

Kennedy: "To those nations who would make themselves our adversaries. . . ."

Nixon: "Those who would be our adversaries, we invite to a peaceful competition."

Kennedy: "We dare not tempt them with weakness, for only when our arms are strong beyond doubt can we be certain beyond doubt that they will never be employed."

Nixon: "But to all those who would be tempted by weakness, let us leave no doubt that we will be as strong as we need to be, for as long as we need to be."

The familiar Kennedy cadence was there, the triads, the counterpoints, but utterly lacking in majesty or grace:

"Those who have been left out, we will try to bring in."

"Those left behind, we will help to catch up."

"The American dream does not come to those who fall asleep."

In the heat of a campaign, Richard Nixon knew how to impugn his opponent's integrity; in the pain of defeat he knew how to wring every drop of bile from the sour grapes. But Richard Nixon does not know how to inspire. The best he could manage January 20 was a sort of clammy sermon, with patches of Kennedy, dashes of homespun exhortation, and the vision of the small earth, seen from space as one, which Lyndon Johnson evoked in his 1964 Inaugural address.

Meeting the Inaugural parade which followed the ceremonies, several hundred demonstrators jeered Nixon's car; a few threw rocks at it. And after the parade passed demonstrators staged guerrilla raids down streets and in parks, provoking hit and run clashes with police. Though Washington police can be brutal with blacks, they are sophisticated and professional in handling political demonstrations, and even with nearly 100 arrests, it was no Chicago.

With a capricious malevolence worthy of Thomas Hardy, the Fates have chosen Richard Nixon to lead America at this moment—or as Billy Graham would have it, "God, in His wisdom . . ." Yet, many liberals, despising the war, despising the premature demise of what promised to be their exhilarating decade, and instinctively despising Richard Nixon, have since November managed to work up a strange optimism:

For, the Johnson years soured the liberal faith in bureaucratic domestic solutions and in liberal cold war internationalism. Nixon has embraced decentralization and even black power, reborn and sanitized as black capitalism. And four years in the wilderness to regroup, with the luxury of a less than disastrous Republican President, doesn't look so bad. So goes the optimistic vision.

But there is a pessimistic one, too; that a way out of Vietnam—from which American public opinion has long since commenced unilateral withdrawal—may not be found on terms compatible with national honor; that even the rump of the Movement, the take-to-the-streets-kids, will persist, and draw new vigor from a repressive Administration; that blacks will grow more embittered and whites more skittish; and that the heralded revitalization in the wilderness of the Democratic party will not materialize.

Inauguration weekend reinforced the sense that President Nixon, whom we ritually wish well, at best promises a holding action and a respite. At the weekend confrontation between the revolutionary and the stodgy, platitude met platitude. After the sense of impending apocalypse in early 1968, there was the sheepish reassurance that we may instead end with a whimper after all.

Will the holding action, the respite of the '50s be sufficient?

The *Washington Post,* its finger as ever on the pulse of the era, recommissioned Mort Sahl, himself recently back from the '50s, to cover the Inaugural.

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That is it. The Age of Nixon is the age of consummate cynicism, the second age of Sahl.

ROBERT L. KUTTNER

(Robert L. Kuttner is the Washington correspondent for the Pacifica radio stations.)

Togetherness Is The Word in Canada

Edmonton, Alberta

Another of those straws in the wind that differentiate the Canadian and American Churches showed up recently when 300 Western Canadian priests met in the Rockies at Banff to chart a course for "The Priest of the '70s." Instead of the priests' withdrawing in isolation as they set up their independent association, half a dozen bishops came to dialogue and listen, but mostly to demonstrate the brotherly bond between bishops and priests characteristic of the post-conciliar Church here.

As Catholics north of the 49th parallel gaze down with chagrin on the increasing polarization of the Church in the U.S., the effect seems to be to drive home the necessity of a unity in our progress as we laboriously move the Church from one historical era to another. Not that there is all that much peace in the Church in Canada. The questioning, criticism and challenge sweeping through the universal Church are part of the Canadian scene, too. But a concern for the opinions of others among the People of God is developing the human feeling of a family, rather than perpetuating the rigidities of institutional communication.

The Western priests made their first public impact last summer when, in response to *Humanae Vitae,* they expressed to the Canadian bishops a clear dissent and requested an episcopal statement underlining conscience. Their leader, Father Ora McManus, a young Ph.D in philosophy, was then invited by the bishops' theological commission to help in the drafting of the Canadian statement (which did stress conscience). And just as Father McManus was made to feel at home at the bishops' meeting, so the bishops who came to the priests' conference were able to relax, put on their sport shirts (turtlenecks are clerically "in"), have a drink and discuss in reasonable equality the humanizing of the priesthood.

The struggle of the priests to establish their humanity was a dominating note of the conference. A vital part of the Church institution, the priests want also to be recognized as human beings with diverse talents, likes and temperaments. They want to find fulfillment within the institution, but they do not want the institution to smother them.

Thus they examined new styles of life and service that would help them to break loose from a clerical culture: they dialogued frankly with three women who told them that they must learn to develop the same kind of human relationships with women as they have with men; they probed into the various ways a priest can hold down a secular job and still function as a priest; they listened as a former priest told them that priests, as well as the whole Church, must become more charitable to men who leave the ministry and help them to find new ways of service of Christ in these changing times.

Responding to the issue of the ex-priest, Archbishop J. A. Plourde of Ottawa told the conference that he had recently discussed the problem with Pope Paul who encouraged him to establish an organization to assist such men. He has since formed a team of a psychiatrist, a psychologist, a theologian and a canon lawyer. "Former priests should have at least the role played by laymen in the Church," Archbishop Plourde noted.

A poll revealed a strong trend within the priests' association for optional celibacy. But Father Dan Donovan, a Toronto theologian and conference keynoter, warned against thinking that optional celibacy is the answer to everything. "Our problem of human relationships is not just sex," he said. "The problem is on a deeper level. There has been something lacking in our whole training. We have been given a single-minded, abstract, rationalistic set of laws, and we have shied away from genuine relationships with people. It is essential to our survival as human beings to break out of this clerical culture."

The conference leadership sensed this need also, for they handed out position papers outlining a new style of life that would revolutionize the character of the priesthood; freedom to work at secular jobs; live in apartments instead of rectories; be paid salaries instead of depending on stole fees; say Mass wherever they deem appropriate and introduce prayers they themselves consider suitable. The position papers also called for optional celibacy and the election of bishops for set terms. The favorable response given these position papers by many priests indicates that, with a little more maturing, the Western Conference of Priests may soon be making a very big impact on the whole Church in Canada.

They must first work out the hang-ups of the cult—how far to go in secularizing the life of the priest? Here it was interesting to note that, whereas many priests are pushing themselves away from the altar, two social-action laymen, Donald Thorman and Romeo Maione, insisted that the secular world needs spiritual priests as never before. The Church must become more missionary, most agreed, especially to the poor and dispossessed, and in becoming more sensitive to the needs of others the priests will be taking a long step in renewing their own lives.

DOUGLAS J. ROCHE

(Douglas J. Roche is editor of the Canadian Western Catholic Reporter *and author of the recently published* The Catholic Revolution.)

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PROFIT BEFORE RISK

INSURING THE GHETTOS

In response to riot claims totalling $75 million in summer, 1967, and $68 million in spring 1968, several major insurance companies began large-scale cancellations of insurance coverage on inner city properties. In St. Louis, the city's Housing Authority was threatened with the loss of insurance on $52 million in public housing. In Paterson, New Jersey, the public school system was told its coverage would not be renewed. In Washington, a city official told the Associated Press ghetto businessmen were faced with cancellations of "serious and unprecedented proportions." And in Detroit, one company alone canceled insurance coverage on over 300 properties.

These cancellations, together with a refusal to provide new coverage, only worsen the long-standing scarcity of fire and property insurance in the ghettos. This scarcity continues to have serious, but often unrecognized, effects on public and private efforts to create a self-sustained economic development in the ghettos.

Since there are so few other sources of funds, the uninsured ghetto property owner who suffers property damage can only move elsewhere, leaving behind a building which he cannot afford to repair or to tear down. Moreover, most financial institutions require a property to be covered by fire insurance before any money will be lent to an individual using the property as collateral. Thus, a property-owner who needs borrowed money to improve his holdings may be caught in a vicious circle: if he cannot get insurance, he cannot quality for an improvement loan; but without such a loan, he cannot maintain his property, so it will deteriorate further, ending any chance of obtaining insurance.

Clearly, in Harlem and elsewhere, one-shot government efforts to spark the economic development of the ghettos will be critically hampered if there is not easy access to property insurance. But potential investors know that such insurance has not been available in whole segments of many cities, a situation which predates the fear of civil disorders. The *Wall Street Journal* pointed out in 1966, "As slum areas of the nation's largest cities deteriorated over the years, fire insurance companies began curtailing their coverage."

Later the federal government surveyed 1500 homeowners and 1500 businessmen in the slums of Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Newark, Oakland and St. Louis, and found more than 40 percent of the businessmen and 30 percent of the homeowners reported serious insurance problems; many believed insurance was simply unavailable to them.

In these areas, it never has been impossible for businessmen and residents to obtain insurance coverage because some of them have been able to locate insurance brokers with "connections." One such broker told the National Commission on Urban Problems of his experiences in Boston: "The only way I could get some insurance was to couple it with a building in another neighborhood and say, 'If you want this particular building, then you will have to insure this one (in Roxbury) with it.' "

Civil rights leaders have attributed the dearth of insurance to racial discrimination on the part of insurance companies. They accuse insurers of "red-lining" certain areas, of having secret maps on which Negro neighborhoods are marked off and designated as unacceptable for coverage. Spokesmen for the insurance industry consistently deny that they have "red-lined" anyone or discriminated on the basis of race, though they admit fire insurance has been difficult to obtain in Negro areas even prior to the recent riots.

The industry maintains that its loss ratio—the ratio of claims payments to premium income—has grown increasingly unfavorable. Many companies are losing money on their underwriting business (though faring rather well on investments). Consequently, they have sought to cut their losses by covering fewer risks.

The classes of property on which many underwriters have chosen to cut back all seem to be located in black neighborhoods, or what the industry calls "congested urban areas." The underwriters contend these have been the areas of highest risk and highest loss. Negro leaders protest that insurers have never proved this since the industry records its losses on a city-by-city basis, with no intra-city breakdown.

Insurance officials in several states have, from time to time, investigated charges of red-lining. In the Hough area of Cleveland, the Deputy Director of the State Insurance Department, Fred B. Smith found that "at least one company was definitely red-penciling postal zones and telling their agents not to write in those areas." But after a ten-week investigation, the Department concluded, "No racial discrimination has been proven, but certain underwriting techniques . . . could be used in a prejudicial manner."

After a similar investigation in New York in 1967, an aide to Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz said, "There was a feeling that the companies were making general conclusions on whole areas, but we felt it was pretty difficult to make a case of racial discrimination. The underwriters believe these areas are full of bad risks."

The underwriters' beliefs have been fortified, of course,

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by the riots that occurred in the Negro sections of some three dozen cities in summer '67, in several cities last spring following the death of Dr. Martin Luther King, and in a variety of ghettos, on a small scale, throughout last summer. In the face of civil disorder, the insurers' first response has been to get out. On Aug. 20, 1967, for example, the insurance was abruptly canceled on the Philadelphia Housing Authority's 40 housing projects and 1000 rehabilitated homes, most of which are occupied by Negroes. Although Philadelphia had experienced a relatively quiet summer, Mutual Fire, Marine, and Inland Insurance said it was canceling the policy because the threat of more riots made it impossible for the company to obtain reinsurance in either the domestic or London markets.

Not All That Costly

The riots weren't all that costly to insurers, actually. Claims payments of $7 million for riot damage in 1967 represented about three per cent of total payments for the year. The disorders in Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, and elsewhere, following Dr. King's death cost insurers about $68 million, but Hurricane Betsy cost the industry $715 million in 1965.

Realizing that the 1967 summer riots had brought to a boil long simmering problems in the insurance industry, President Johnson subsequently appointed a National Advisory Panel on Insurance in Riot-Affected Areas to study the situation and make recommendations.

The panel proposed:

—that the insurance industry establish Fair Access to Insurance Requirements (FAIR plans) under which companies would voluntarily pledge not to refuse coverage to a building without first inspecting it.

—that the state government establish insurance "pools" for "well-maintained" properties unable to obtain insurance under the FAIR plans. Each underwriter licensed to operate in a state would have to insure a portion of the pool properties equal to the firm's share of the insurance market in that state.

—that Congress charter a National Insurance Development Corporation to reinsure individual companies and state pools against losses resulting from civil disorders.

—that Congress approve special tax-deferral measures to permit insurance companies participating in FAIR plans and state pools to rapidly accumulate reserves for "catastrophic losses."

In drawing up its recommendations, the panel said it was guided by the notion that some property "should not be insured, but should, instead, be the object of renewal programs designed to revitalize blighted areas." Since building codes are poorly enforced in many cities, the threat of losing insurance coverage is one of the few incentives for maintaining slum properties, particularly for absentee landlords. Mayor Richard J. Daley of Chicago recognized this in 1958 when he publicly asked insurance companies to refuse coverage to buildings which were in violation of building codes.

Rather than guarantee insurance to all, the panel sought only to make it more available in the slums through FAIR plans and state pools. They also sought to make insuring the slums more attractive through reinsurance and tax deferrals, but in order to be eligible for these, insurers would have to participate in a FAIR plan and state pool.

Despite the incentives for participation, the FAIR plans would ultimately depend on the willingness of underwriters to accept more ghetto risks. The past performance of the insurers combined with the future prospects for civil disorder offer little reason for optimism. The urban areas plan on which FAIR is based has already been criticized by several Negro leaders who labeled it an elaborate sham allowing insurers to continue discriminating while appearing to evaluate risks on an individual basis.

In addition, the panel failed to define rigidly any reasonable underwriting standards; thus companies which had been declining ghetto risks could continue to do so in the future, thereby pushing undesirable risks into state pools, where losses would be shared and higher rates or state subsidies might be available.

Whatever their failings, the Hughes proposals were endorsed by President Johnson and included in his omnibus housing bill which was approved by Congress late in July, 1968.

At the state level, New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller signed a bill establishing a state pool. In September, underwriters operating in New York were to join a pool that would insure properties unable to obtain coverage in the open market. In response to the current cancellations, however, both State Superintendent of Insurance Richard E. Stewart and New York City Mayor John Lindsay called for immediate implementation of the pool.

Outside of New York, few states have made much progress toward the FAIR plans or state pools. The Hughes panel and its proposals are not glamorous enough to stir any wide public interest. The slum residents and businessmen without insurance are also without political muscle. And the insurance industry, though it helped draft the Hughes recommendations and endorsed them, would probably be content with just getting out of the ghettos.

Until reforms are made, the ghettos will continue to face a shortage of fire and property insurance; and without that, they lack a necessary apparatus for economic development as well as a source of financial protection from the fire next time. HARVEY SHAPIRO

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DUTCH TREAT, ROMAN HEARTBURN

Frederick Franck

NUANCES IN THE NETHERLANDS

The Netherlands

The Seminary at Noordwijkerhout is a large modern complex of brick buildings in late-neo-triumphalist style, standing in the dune landscape as a hybrid between a railroad station, a boardingschool and the main office of an insurance company. It is given religious accent by an ornamental tower, a mixed marriage of Bauhaus and Jugendstil. Some 200 people including Cardinal Alfrink, his bishops, 109 elected delegates, laymen and priests, members of study commissions, invited guests and journalists milled around in its corridors, prayed in its chapel and talked without end in its auditorium, between January 5 and 8. The Dutch Pastoral Council was on.

It was hard to determine who was who. The bishops wore black or charcoal-grey suits with Roman collar. So did a few demonstrative conservatives. All other priest-delegates were indistinguishable from the laymen; it might as well have been a faculty gathering on a neutral campus. Schillebeeckx especially struck me by his sartorial magnificence; in an impeccably tailored suit, an elegant tie, his white hair perfectly groomed, he looked fit for a *New Yorker* ad.

Henry ten Kortenaar

TRIAL BY HEADLINE

Rome

The position of Dutch Catholics is not an easy one. The developments in the Church of their country since Vatican II have been more rapid, more tumultuous and more chaotic than in any other part of the world. Although no serious observer doubts that the eventual result of so much sincere and passionate search will be a positive contribution to the life of the universal Church, the present situation is extremely confusing. It is confusing to those who are involved in the process—bishops, theologians, pastors and faithful alike; it is, of course, even more so to occasional observers.

There is in our modern world little room for privacy of the individual, and none for that of larger communities. The Dutch Catholics are no exception to this rule; they cannot say: Let us try to find our own way, and we'll let the rest of the world know when we've found it. On the other hand, they don't even want this. One opinion one hears on all sides is this: We are only a small part of the Church, we need the rest of the Church to help us find our way. Therefore the Dutch do not just tolerate international interest in their attempts at Church renewal, they positively welcome it. So far, however, one does not get the impression that this policy has contributed much to the hoped-for dialogue with the rest of the world, and especially with Rome.

For this reason the Archbishop of Utrecht, Cardinal Bernard Alfrink, never loses an opportunity to ask the international press to be as cautious and as objective as possible in their reporting on the Church in Holland. He has done so particularly at the beginning of each session of the pastoral council, where the danger of giving the wrong impression is obviously great. These "plenary assemblies" are, after all, only moments in the continuous discussion (in study commissions, discussion groups, letters to the bishops, etc.) which, in the view of the organizers, is the real council.

He did so again at the beginning of this week, when the third public session of the council began at the seminary of Noordwijkerhout, near The Hague. "Our council," he told the journalists, "is a public event, and you make it so. The interest on the part of the national and international press has not decreased, but rather grown. I should even say, far above our heads, for such a small country as ours. This is a happy fact and it stimulates our responsibility. You look over our shoulders and take no-

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As an unsubtle reminder of Rome's watching eye, the papal Nuncio, Msgr. Angelo Felici, youngish and slim, came dressed in a long cassock with purple piping and a shiny Roman hat. He was treated with the nearly exaggerated deference, mixed with bonhomie usually reserved for visiting ambassadors from places like Botswana. Absent during crucial discussions on subjects like *Humanae Vitae,* Felici's presence was strictly symbolic.

One of the key words at the Council was that famous "uneasiness" or "disquiet" among the faithful in the cataract of changes. But it was hard to sense that "uneasiness" in the North Sea air. The atmosphere was decidedly relaxed, the feeling positive and the "disquiet" seemed mostly to be the other fellow's, the anonymous man on the street, biting his nails while the Church burns and Rome fiddles. If there was "uneasiness" at the bishops' table (not on a dais; they had a table and chairs like everyone else), it was imperceptible. I have never seen 67 year old Cardinal Alfrink more relaxed, serene, confident, witty, on his toes. He seems to gain in stature every year since he came out of the splendid isolation of his Utrecht palace to become the most democratic cardinal anywhere, prototype I dare to say, of a new Church. This new Dutch Church does not—as is all too insistently suggested—thrive on conflict and rebellion so much as it does on its resolve to create a new, more democratic form of religious community, well within the limits of the Church. The cardinal and his bishops have totally abandoned, what Paul Ricoeur calls: "The clerical bathos that partakes of *rabies theologica* as well as of lust for power and which usually coincides with the tyrannical spirit and narrowing of consciousness that typifies old age. It is the more perfidious, since it believes itself to be in the service of truth. It accompanies the history of the Church as a shadow."

I have not seen that shadow on Alfrink's face even once. When a delegate complained that the Cardinal was too often the last speaker on a subject, he smiled into the microphone and suggested: "First I am told not to have the first word and now I am reproached with wanting the last word. How difficult it is to please everybody! Anyway I never ask you to agree with me because of my status and only expect what I have to say to be judged on the merit of my argumentation. . . ." At one point he was reproached for speaking very differently about birth control in 1959; Alfrink looked supremely happy and said

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tice of what we say. Therefore we must not make official or formal what is only a suggestion or a subject for discussion. Especially journalists from abroad should be warned of this by their Dutch colleagues. Freedom of discussion," the Cardinal went on, "is a normal thing for us. If we seek the true values of our faith in unity with the tradition of the Church, I hope that those who transmit our words far beyond our borders will not make it look as if we had found the answers, still less as if we want to decide things for the whole Church."

If one looks at the headlines the Italian newspapers dedicated to the Dutch assembly, one does not get the impression that they have heeded or even heard the Cardinals' warnings (in fact, there were very few Italian reporters at Noordwijkerhout—most papers put their "Vaticanologists" to work on the news agency reports). "Schism" and "rebellion" are what they see in Holland; "New Dutch Thorns in the Side of the Church," said the Rome newspaper *Il Messaggero,* more poetically. The vote that the discussion about birth control between the Pope, the world episcopate, theologians and married people should continue, becomes an outright rejection of *Humanae Vitae.* "The Dutch Church is in favor of divorce" and "denies the existence of Catholic morals." As for the slogans uttered at the youth hearing, such as the one about the "canonization of Ché Guevara," they completely bewildered the Italian commentators, especially since they had heard that Cardinal Alfrink had been listening with a smile!

No doubt the same has happened in many other places: what was a passing phase in the continuing dialogue within the Dutch Church, in the reports of many, has become "formal and official." Thus Alfrink's fears were justified. And at first sight the scandalized reaction of the Roman press (used to solemn and largely meaningless rhetoric) to the frank discussions in Holland may even seem amusing. But the effect of this kind of "reporting" must by no means be underrated. These are, in fact, the first impressions people in Rome (and in the Curia) receive. The official report from the Nuncio in The Hague will take some time to arrive, and will be accessible to only a few persons. It will determine the official Vatican reaction, but not the day-to-day policy which is made at other levels.

Officially, the Vatican has not reacted to the news reports from Holland. Vatican spokesmen have been extremely reticent on the subject. They all give, almost literally, the same answers: first, there will be no response until the official reports have come in. Second, as Cardinal Alfrink himself said at the opening of the assembly, the Dutch pastoral council is not a legislative body, but a way of consulting the faithful on matters of pastoral policy. Therefore, they point out, its resolutions cannot be regarded as the official position of the Dutch bishops.

The Roman papers have reported these views, but have been quick to contradict them. The *Giornale d'Italia* says, rather ominously, that the Vatican "is wait-

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something like: "Wonderful to be able to change, proves you are alive!" A denigrating letter by four prominent obstetrician-gynecologists accusing the committee on "Marriage and the Family" of incompetence was read. Cardinal Alfrink insisted that these men be heard. There were forceful protests, but Alfrink stayed put: "They are the people who always reproach us that they are neglected. I suggest we give them their chance." A vote was taken and the gynecologists were invited. However, apparently they were not prepared to drop their forceps and travel to Noordwijkerhout.

Until recently, radical Holland saw its Cardinal as a conservative. He is emerging more and more a man who combines sufficient vision, honesty, courage and dignity, enough of the gentleness of the dove and the intelligence of the serpent to become a man of destiny. In him the cardinal-as-sacred-totem has hardly left a trace.

No one here denies the existence of conflict with Rome. It remains to be seen if and when Rome intends or dares to let the conflict escalate into a full-blown crisis. The Dutch episcopate, in all its obvious sincerity and practical collegiality with priests and laymen, is able to counsel prudence and have the Council react spontaneously to its advice in mutual understanding and without any need for manipulation. Thus it became possible at Noordwijkerhout for the Dutch to serve Rome a pointed reminder that they stand by their New Catechism, while giving this reminder the form of a motion expressing gratitude to the Dutch Episcopate for commissioning the New Catechism and stressing their view that "also without the Roman addenda it remains a trustworthy guide, useful and safe in the catechesis for young people and adults." This was simply a method for avoiding a vote by the bishops on an earlier resolution of the same intent—namely, to disavow the addenda prescribed by the Council of Cardinals. Now, the bishops can't be blamed! The motion was passed with 90 votes in favor, 2 against and 7 abstentions, the latter no doubt coming from the conservatives, who during this session were given ample opportunity to be heard. Representatives of the arch-conservative group, "Confrontation," had been invited to participate in the Council. They refused, but immediately after the sessions' close the editors of its monthly sent a telegram to the Pope alleging that the Council is in no way representative of the Dutch Catholic community

(Continued on next page)

ing to find out whether the Dutch bishops have any direct responsibility for this latest manifestation of protest, and if so, how many of them." According to *Il Messaggero*, "the Dutch pastoral council is actually not just a consultative body, but the supreme normative organ of the Dutch Church province" and "it is clear that the bishops who take part in the discussions and in the voting, must feel morally bound to apply the resolutions."

These views should, in one sense, be written off as "Roman provincialism." But precisely in their provincialism they faithfully reflect the ideas of a large portion of the curial "underbrush." It is a well-known fact that certain curial circles use the more conservative Roman papers as a pressure tool and as an outlet for their particular views on the Church. (One fairly recent example was the still unexplained leak of a mysterious Apostolic Visitors' report on Cardinal Lercaro to the ultra-right-wing weekly *Il Borghese.*) The picture of the Church which emerges from these writings is not pleasant.

The ideas in these circles generally contrast with the official attitude, but they explain many other facts: innumerable minor decisions of the Roman congregations, the disappearance of petitions, suggestions, reports, etc., which are "filed" in their offices, never to be heard of again, the difficulties of a bishop who is barred from attending a meeting of a board of which he is a member on the ground that he is *persona non grata,* and who for several days cannot find out who or what is responsible for his sudden unpopularity (it happened last October to Msgr. Jan Bluyssen, of Den Bosch, Holland).

In an interview Cardinal Alfrink gave Jan. 10 to a reporter of Turin's *La Stampa* (expressing the hope that the Pope would read it) he explained the exact meaning of the Dutch resolutions He denied the existence of schismatic tendencies in the Dutch Church, repeating his words at the opening of the assembly: "the Church of Holland cannot live without its vital link with the Church of Christ, in the person of His vicar, the successor of Peter." But he added: "I will not deny that there are anti-Roman feelings among the Dutch Catholics. This is, however, by no means the same as anti-papal feelings."

The Catholics in Holland are convinced (and the Cardinal did not contradict them) that the difficulties in communications with Rome are created by the Curia, and that it is the Curia which keeps the Pope from getting exact information of what goes on in their country. If the panicky reports on the Dutch council in the Roman press reflect in any way the feelings of an influential part of the Curia (and there many reasons to believe this), the Dutch Catholics are right. ■

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and that a public disavowal of the Episcopate is under consideration.

The Dutch Church in the last few months has had to cope not only with Roman criticism of its Catechism, but also with the Schillebeeckx cloak-and-dagger affair and with the refusal to seat Bishop Bluysen (the successor of the Dutch John XXIII, Bishop Bekkers) at a meeting of the Post-Conciliar Liturgical Commission. Once more the Dutch Church as seen from Rome, has become a test case. Viewed from Holland, it is less a test case than an experimental field with new plantings that seem to be do-

ing very well indeed. Most striking and much more important than all the resolutions of this Pastoral Council taken together, is the constant growth of mutual understanding and respect between hierarchy and laity in a continuous conversation among civilized people constantly aware of the dignity of all participants and anxious to respect it. This is indeed *the* new phenomenon in Catholic relationships, even if from a technical point of view the meetings still leave much to be desired. Successive speakers were allowed to go off in various directions, thus confusing the points under discussion.

Especially fascinating was the fact that the conflict situation which exists between the Dutch Church and Rome was at no time hidden by episcopal rhetoric, but honestly admitted without contributing to its exacerbation. Rome might well think twice before firing a Dutch bishop, the way it dared to fire bishop J. Schoiswohl of Gratz-Seckau, Austria, of whom the Vienna Nuncio is quoted to have said: "He is a carrier of Dutch bacilli."

Three "reports" were under discussion at Noordwijkerhout. They were, like the schemata of Vatican II, prepared by special commissions in which priests and laymen, Catholics, Protestants and agnostic "humanists" collaborated. The first report on "Ethical Attitudes of the Christian in the World," as well as the second on "Marriage and the Family," were received by the meeting with much greater approval than last year's report on "Authority in the Church," which had to be shelved as such. But doesn't every hour of discussion in Noordwijkerhout ultimately amount to a fresh appraisal of the entire problem of authority? If ever there was a veritable laboratory in which to experiment in creating new concepts of authority, it can be found in Noordwijkerhout, in these open discussions without taboos, in which cardinal, bishops, priests and laity, even Protestants and "humanists" can argue without anyone insisting on hierarchical prerogatives and where "the place of the laity" seems to be not so much the problem of the laity at all, but that of the "Gestalt" of the ministry in the Church.

The report on "Ethics," modest, profound and modern in tone, demonstrates the immense distance that separates the traditional "Theologia Moralis" of Lehmbruck or the "Compendium" of Jone from the experience of values by contemporary Christians in their understanding of the ethics of the Gospel. Schillebeeckx summarized the opinion of all in calling this report "a pearl."

To give a few quotes: "Is the basic attitude typified by Scripture, specifically Christian? It is unevangelical to even pose this question, as if it were of any importance whatsoever. This claim to specificity is of value only to someone who wants to justify his being different from the others by proving that he is better than the others." Or: "Evangelical freedom does not imply a lack of criteria about life, but an ethical maturity characterized by the capacity to create and recreate norms for love as a reality in the concrete situation of the person and the community." Or: "The Church must be self-critical and tolerant of criticism in order to fulfill its mission to be a community of faith, dedicated to the world." And finally: "In its own structures the Church will have to purify itself of injustice towards those who as priest, religious or layman, serve it. It is intolerable that in its own institutions it perpetuates a lack of freedom which contemporary man regards as against his fundamental rights."

The report on "Marriage and the Family" in its serenity, modesty and contemporaneity is not different in spirit. In its introduction it states laconically that "after serious reflection the proclamation of *Humanae Vitae* was unanimously considered by the commission to have produced no new arguments which justify changing the report in principle." "Marriage and the Family" might not have been very different if it had been written by a panel of serious and enlightened humanist psychologists, whether it speaks of the relationship between marriage partners, the parent-child relationship, divorce, or abortion. On adultery it says: "Faithfulness has other problems than just adultery. There can be many serious betrayals of faith without adultery." On the question of birth control one feels tempted to translate the entire chapter in which in the rejection of *Humanae Vitae* is justified. The resolution which in fact rejects the encyclical was at the last minute politely softened. There is no need here either to get excited: everyone agrees that the only effect has been a negative one. Why rub it in?

The most exciting "attraction" everyone was expecting was the eruption of some forty young people invited to a hearing. They promptly rejected the third report, the one on "Youth," "of which they didn't understand a word." They were not a closely-knit group, quasi-

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hip in appearance, and they did not seem to have much more than slogans to offer. However, their hearts were obviously in the right place: more aid for the developing countries, bridging the chasm between rich and poor, alternatives to military service, South Africa, Angola, Rhodesia, Biafra . . . The adults sat and listened with indulgent, Cheshire cat smiles, not knowing what to do, trying to flatter themselves that these youngsters at any rate were displaying a passionate interest in the Church of tomorrow. The young people felt the quality of these smiles and at the same time fully realized that they had not made their point as well as possible. It was not a happy evening, for there had been none of the communication that had been hoped for; but that was too much to expect. The adults understood that an invitation to the Council was not enough to make contact with the young.

To this observer the Dutch Pastoral Council, despite too many words, too much jargon, despite all kinds of shortcomings, was in its openness, its courage and sincerity of its relationships, a moving sign of hope.

Skepticism and hope in Czechoslovakia

THE EXISTENTIALIST OPPOSITION

LEONARD CHABROWE

Morale is back up in Czechoslovakia. There is far more skepticism than hope around, but even the skeptics fully believe that a substantial piece of the ground gained since the Novotny era hasn't been and won't be lost.

Ironically, part of the gained ground is the widespread skepticism. For if the intelligentsia had already been disenchanted with the "dictatorship of the proletariat," almost everyone now is. And to the mind of at least one prominent Czech intellectual, that is very important—"People no longer go around mouthing and believing those idiotic phrases."

Moreover, the skepticism is quite open, which has the virtue of bridging the span from one act of resistance to the next. In a Prague movie theater, for example, at the point in a documentary film on the fall of Novotny where Josef Smrkovsky was earnestly saying that those who believed the Czech government was run by Moscow were wrong, the entire audience broke into laughter. Smrkovsky himself would have laughed had he been there.

But the virtues of skepticism apart, morale is good because the situation has improved. In a vacuum spirits will rise, and the Russian military pullback has left something of a vacuum. Even the government, whatever its reluctance because of the Russian threats and its own confusion, appears able to maneuver if it has to.

The workers' councils, an important element in the planned economic reforms, are being continued after the post-invasion announcement that the experiment was no longer useful. Rehabilitation of past victims is reportedly being resumed, and legislation has been prepared to separate the police from the judiciary. The federalization project has been realized on schedule. And while Smrkovsky has suffered a demotion, he has been replaced by another progressive and is still in an influential position. True, the government is trying to tighten its censorship of the mass media and to defuse the resistance as a whole by both persuasion and intimidation. Yet never has Stalinism had to cope with a resistance so massive and well-disciplined before.

Few people in the popular opposition take the Russian permissiveness for granted. At the same time few seem inclined to worry overly much about what the Russians will do. The general attitude is that the Russians themselves don't know what they are going to do. They have little understanding of Czech problems or even in this situation of their own. They are still the same as in one of their folk songs, which goes, "If I want to, I'll like you, and if I don't want to, I won't."

The Russian C.P. is just another form of Czarism, impervious to logic, to Western experience and ideas. Brezhnev is the Czar, the rest of the Politburo and Central Committee for Boyars, and the party apparatus under Podogorny the imperial civil service. Democracy in Russia is another fifty years off at best, and the people are out of reach. Even an intraparty struggle leading to a victory for liberalism can't be expected for another twenty years, perhaps ten. Peace in Vietnam would have only a marginal effect. So how can the opposition to Stalinism in Czechoslovakia hold back in the hope of changes inside Russia? How can people wanting to live with a reasonable measure of freedom wait on account of the Russians?

In a sense the opposition is existentialist in its tactics—it worries only about the present, about the known as against the unknown. The leaders of the Student Union (speaking informally in a room decorated in Pop Art style with photos of Stalin and Klement Gottwald) sur-

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prise one by their concentration on immediate political goals in the face of possible repression. Suggestions that such goals aren't realistic, that the best chance for political freedom in the long run lies in pushing now for the planned economic reforms, strike them as unrealistic. They insist no real economic changes are possible without political changes first, explaining that those enterprises which are most wasteful and most needful of being made competitive are state monopolies under the protection of the conservatives kept in power by the invasion. They believe that following the invasion the government gave the Russians more concessions than necessary and has to be forced by pressure from beneath to take them back or at least deal with the Russians on a *quid pro quo* basis. Asked if the government didn't secretly welcome the popular pressure against concessions, one of the more radical answered. "Don't kid yourself. Dubcek is a centrist. He was bad before, and now he's worse."

No, political freedoms can't wait for either a palace revolution in the Kremlin or economic changes in Czechoslovakia. Besides, the military intervention was a failure, and the Russians won't try a second time what failed the first. There were no Russian secret police watching them (and no censorship of the mails or tapping of the phones), just Czech secret police, and about that, with a bit of bravado, came the remark, "It's a pleasure!" Of course, nothing is possible without the support of the workers, whose enthusiasm for democracy might be expected to fade in time. However, so far the workers have proven reliable allies concerned at least as much about political as economic liberalization.

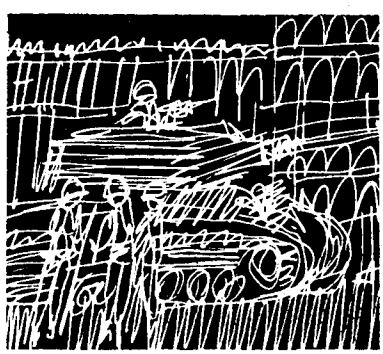
With all this devotion to the political struggle, however, there is still much uncertainty about what the next step will be. For the dominant mood of the resistance is less activist than reactivist. And all the self-immolations, while exciting further agitation, point merely to the activists' desperation. Perhaps the reason for this paradox of a strategy of immediate political goals being undercut by doubts about what to do next, if anything, is the very lack of a long-range strategy. The Czechs ignored the Russians before, provoking the invasion. Now they are tending to ignore them again, and that entails the threat of another invasion—a threat which is enough to curb the will of the ordinary Czech to stick his neck out and hold it there. Existentialist as the opposition is, the unknown is intimidating and can make itself easily known.

What long-range policy could there be in Czechoslovakia? If the students are right about the economic reforms being dependent on political changes, none. But if they are wrong or only partly right, a policy of bringing about those economic changes which would destroy the structure of centralized, i.e., totalitarian authority.

This assumes the Russians would allow the economics but not the politics of democratic socialism. Despite Russian attacks on the planned economic changes, particularly expanded trade with the West and decentralization, opinions at the Economic Institute of the Academy of Sciences remain firm that the reforms must come since no other way out of the stagnation of the last eight years exists. As one high-standing Czech economist sees it, Ota Sik was forced out by the Russians because he had gotten too far over into the political sphere. Similarly, the whole campaign against competitive market socialism, whether in Yugoslavia or in the Sik model for Czechoslovakia, have had a political aim. Various things indicate this, among others that East Germany has more private enterprise than Czechoslovakia, small-scale private enterprise not under attack, and Hungary is now making the same reforms as Czechoslovakia, though more roundabout, "more cleverly."

So there is reason to believe the Russians, for all their inscrutability, are willing to accept business realities as long as their hegemony isn't openly challenged. In fact, the aid agreement drawn up by the Russians in December is a partial accomodation of the Czechs. And a Dubcek speech at that time implied the Sik program will be carried into its next phase.

Nevertheless, to separate economics from politics isn't so simple. If separation is possible, it is only possible in the short run, not in the long run. Perhaps the Russians



don't understand this, which is likely, or are willing to take a long run risk for another guaranteed short run at the center of their post-war empire. Perhaps they are existentialists also. In any case, the economic changes in Czechoslovakia must eventually bring about political changes because they will create a diversity of more or less independent enterprises regulated only indirectly by the state, and the diversity of economic voices which results will demand some political expression.

In Yugoslavia, economic competitiveness exists in the framework of a totalitarian political structure, but only because the people temporarily accept that, only because the dictator is a national hero and relatively benign. In Czechoslovakia, with its democratic past, the people won't accept it. Pictures of Thomas Masaryk are almost as frequent in Prague store windows as pictures of Dubcek and Svoboda, and not just in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of independence. Sooner or later some form of democracy must accompany a decentralized economy.

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In Russia, too, economic reforms are necessary. But the Party would like to avoid any political consequences, and so it favors change strictly at the top through installation of a vast network of computers to streamline the channels of information and command. The central planning board would continue to have complete authority, operating on a rational mathematical basis and with the speed of electronics. While not technologically possible now, a perfect computer system may be by, say, 1984—an Orwellian grid of behavior control. Even in the West there are economists who look to computers as the sole answer to the need for more and better planning, a way to solve physical problems without getting into politics.

In Czechoslovakia, however, economic thinking is more social than physical, more realistic psychologically. A purely mathematical solution to a human problem isn't possible, and economics is human. In the processes of production and distribution there are too many variables, too much is going on too fast, too many decisions have to be made on the spot for even a perfect computer system to deal with. Direct interference in an industrial economy makes for growth only when that economy is at the stage of simple relationships, i.e., when the natural resources of the area still need developing. Russia wasn't even electrified in 1917, Czechoslovakia had long been in 1948.

An economy governed by central command rather than by market pressures is really a war economy and depends on the consent of those being commanded. Despite its long depression of the sixties, Czechoslovakia still has the most sophisticated economy in the socialist world. Simple relationships belong to the past. Alone since the war factories have gone through four generations of automation. And probably 95% of the population no longer consents to being commanded. When an economy has developed to where it is composed of innumerable intricate, complex relationships, the government can't regulate one operation without upsetting dozens of others. All it can safely do is regulate the regulators—credit, interest taxes, etc.

So the more industrialized and sophisticated a society becomes, the more decentralized and democratic it must be. Generally speaking, those socialist states which cling most to their Stalinism, at least their economic Stalinism, are the most agrarian. But will Czechoslovakia go ahead with implementing the Sik program? Nothing more can happen until the government passes legislation giving autonomy to the enterprises, including commercial banking, and bringing the varying price levels into line so that a market situation prevails (now most prices are fixed at arbitrary wholesale, retail and export levels).

If the government fails to act, those first steps already taken toward enterprise autonomy will soon be retraced. The old economic situation will still exist, especially in the area of trade relations where the Czechs are held back by barter agreements with the other Warsaw Pact countries. And everything will revert to a completely centrailized administration. For the internal situation can't be changed unless the external is—as against Russia's 2%, Czechoslovakia derives 45% of its income from foreign trade and also needs Western products to renovate and feed its industrial plant. Reversion will mean a further decline in the economy, a lowering of the living standard and much more unrest since the Czechs have seen too much of the West to be deceived like the Russians about their conditions.

The failure of the Soviet Union in Czechoslovakia is becoming more and more evident. The Russian people may not know it yet, but the Russian soldiers do. The Czechs assume that these troops will be sent to the Chinese frontier for decontamination before being allowed to return to their homes. Unfortunately, a number may have been decontaminated already—with Red Army bullets.

A young Czech journalist, whose family has friends in the countryside, tells how a farmer in the area uncovered the bodies of executed Russian soldiers. Perhaps these men had been talking too much out of their indignation at being deceived, for the Russian soldiers never doubted there was a counterrevolution going on. In Prague, early on the first morning of the invasion, they even opened fire on the National Museum as though, like the Radio Building, it were an enemy headquarters. The Museum is now scarred all across its face by holes and chips dug out by large-caliber machine gun bullets. As it happens, the Museum houses an impressive display of fossils, stuffed animals and artifacts, which, with explanatory aids, trace the evolution of life on earth from the prehistoric ages to the periods of high culture. And walking through it, one realizes that the instinct of the Russian soldiers was right after all. The enemy of Russia was inside—the "counterrevolution" was evolution itself.

On the other hand, the West has the same enemy. As the Czechs realize, the development of "socialism with a human face" is feared not only by Russia. That is why NATO's reaction was so indifferent at first. And also why the U.S. has never gone out of its way to help Czechoslovakia in the smallest way.

Even the modest requests put to the State Dept. for favored-nation tariff reductions (to which Czechoslovakia is entitled as one of the originators of the General Agreement on Tariffs) and for the granting of certain import licenses (for products which now come into the U.S. with a Mexican label at much less profit to the Czechs) haven't been acted on. In addition, an embargo office in London, restricting exports from the West to the socialist countries, is still in operation from Cold War days.

The conservatives in each camp, the parasitic defense organisms of NATO and the Warsaw Pact, need each other. So what hope, then, is there for a small country in the heartland of Europe caught in the struggle between the two blocs? This last question defies even a long-range answer.

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THE WOULD-BE POPE

FRANCIS L. KUNKEL

Peter Luke's "Hadrian VII," a London import now playing on Broadway, is a dramatization of a book of the same name by Frederick William Rolfe, alias Baron Corvo.

Rolfe, a British eccentric, who died in disgrace in Venice in 1913 at the age of fifty-three, was a convert to Roman Catholicism and twice an unsuccessful candidate for the priesthood. Embittered by his rejection, he retained, in the midst of despondency and destitution, a lifelong conviction of his priestly vocation.

Hadrian the Seventh (1904) is classified as a novel, but it is only incidentally so. Actually, it is self-apologia, self-styled autohagiography, a wish-fulfillment fantasy, a revenge chronicle. Rolfe, under the name of George Arthur Rose, a self-projection like all the author's protagonists, is an embittered man, a holy orders discard. Rolfe-Rose dreams he is elected Pope, the first English Pope since Hadrian IV who died in 1159. As Pope Hadrian VII, this autobiographical hero displays exemplary ecumenical zeal. He reforms the Church, stressing the particular injustices he felt, or imagined he had suffered at the hands of the higher clergy and his fellow English Catholics. Hadrian's pontificate is the most successful papal reign on record. In the end, he dies a martyr, secure in the knowledge that he has rectified all the wrongs which plagued the Church and has revenged himself on all those people who, in his lively fancy, had injured him.

Deficiency in love is the chief drawback Rose-Hadrian shares with his creator. In a letter to a friend, Rolfe confessed: "I have no communion with my fellow creatures. I loathe it and I crave it." In the confessional when the priest asks Rose if he loves his neighbor, he enlarges on this ambivalence: "No, I frankly detest him, and her. Let me explain. Most people are repulsive to me . . . Not that I never met people different to these. I have. People have occurred to me with whom I should like to be in sympathy. But I have been unable to get near enough to them. I seem to be a thing apart. I can't understand my neighbour. . . . I want to understand my neighbour in order to love him. But I don't think I know what love is. But I want to—badly."

Both are deficient in passion. Rolfe, in another epistolary revelation, insisted that "Only besotted ignorance or hypocrisy demurs to carnal lust, but I meet people who call that holy which is purely natural, and I am stupefied. . . . To blow one's nose . . . is a natural relief. So is coition. Yet the last is called holy, and the first passes without epithets. Why should one attach more importance to the one than to the other? I don't think that I want to know." Rose, as the Supreme Pontiff Hadrian, admits that "he never had felt inclined to marry and rear a family of his own. He did not think that that sort of thing was much in his line."

They neglect women, pretty much. Rolfe's misogyny was expressed in two tart Wildean epigrams: "The worst of a woman is that she expects you to make love to her"

BLACK SMOKE FOR HADRIAN VII

THE STAGE

At the end of Peter Luke's *Hadrian VII,* just before we return to the shabby room of Fr. William Rolfe, the young priest (called, too cunningly, George Arthur Rose, Rolfe's name for the hero of *Hadrian VII;* Luke, mixing undisguised biography with Rolfian fantasy, calls his hero Rolfe) sums up the play's central character as the body of the murdered pope is carried past in state. The summation is an open bid for understanding for a complicated man, one whose defensive outer shell is cover for a fearful yearning for human contact. The speech ends with the last lines of Rolfe's novel, "Pray for the respose of His soul. He was so tired." Those words, however, are a benediction for Rolfe's George Arthur Rose, who expected to find pleasure in "Really nothing—except to flee and be at rest." A man who thought himself incapable of love, one whom the wounds of rejection made wary, Rolfe's Hadrian could act in love and friendship, but always doubling on his tracks, covering each act with papal aloofness or a satirical line, the token of the invective that he used more directly on other occasions.

Luke's Hadrian is something else again, a sentimental hero, the old curmudgeon with the heart of gold, closer in tone to C. Aubrey Smith being softened by Freddie Bartholomew in *Little Lord Fauntleroy* than to Rolfe's Hadrian. I am surprised that Luke passed up Rolfe's scene in the garden between Hadrian and the boy Prince of Naples. Other sentimental moments are there, too bald now without the insistent self-love and self-irony with which Rolfe hedged every scene, too skeletal, too bluntly

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and "There's no more loathsome sight in nature than a pregnant woman." Rose's misogynic imagination is attributable to a fixation: "the stainless purity of the Mother-Maid." And occasionally we glimpse the Manichaean Rolfe, who liked to contemplate his disgusting humanity, as in Hadrian's reaction to a ceremonial kiss: "physical loathing which nauseated him."

Rolfe's self-confessed horror of reptiles is much to the point here. He once fell into a catalepsy after stumbling over a lizard. The experience served as a point of departure for his short story, "How I was Buried Alive." Essentially it is the story of how Rolfe or (as he was when he wrote this) Baron Corvo, a young Italian nobleman and seminary reject, swoons after a small lizard jumps up his sleeve; how after repeated failures to revive him he is pronounced dead; and how he awakes to find himself in a coffin. This fictive incident symbolizes the man's predicament. The reptile that makes him fall into a trance from the unendurable shock of self-recognition is a phallic symbol. His reaction to the lizard before it springs onto his arm is paradoxical: he flicks it with a butterfly net—a device more for laying hold of than for driving away. The panic that ensues as the creature runs amuck inside his clothes is then the outward sign of covert appeal. For such a man, virility, manifestly abhorrent yet latently desirable, must be buried alive in, ironically, a womb-like vault and with it his hopes for a healthy sex life.

Lizards, coffins and repressed sexuality are plentiful in Rolfe's action. Pope Hadrian "preferred to sit where the pavement was of marble: because lizards avoided it, and their creepy-crawly jerks on grass or gravel shocked his

doing a job. Most of the material is borrowed directly from the book (the best lines certainly are), but the scenes are shifted around to form a conventional self-discovery play. The penniless writer, long denied the priesthood that was rightfully his, is made pope at the end of Act I. This is the put-down act, Rolfe getting his own back from the hierarchy who failed him, but his wit, his playfulness (imagine Rolfe's hero singing a variety-hall song!), his nervous concern that the room be as neat as possible for the visiting clerics are all signs that his talk of "revenge" is not to be taken seriously. This man is just waiting to be pried open by love and the second act gives the prying scene (pope to novice, Hadrian to an image of his own youth, father to son), replete with saccharine gesture (he almost places his hand on the head of the kneeling young man), followed by the results: the folksy old-servant scene, the confession of his pain, the reconciliation with Cardinal Ragna, the decision to give away the Church's wealth. Then, the final schmaltz irony, his murder by the vindictive Protestant fanatic, the man who has been hounding him all his life, and his dying forgiveness of the man and the dead.

Rolfe, as a writer, did not hesitate to dip into melodrama or sentimentality if it suited his purposes (although I suspect he imagined he was writing high drama or out of pure sensitivity), so it may be a bit unfair to blame Luke for the softness of the scenes in the play. Yet he is responsible for making explicit what is implicit in Rolfe, cutting away the protective settings, removing the ambivalent undertones. Luke's Ragna scene is built on a few lines of Rolfe's and, out of the malicious pleasure of Rolfe's Hadrian, Luke's pope is forced to play a comic friendly-enemy scene as phoney as Flagg and Quirt. The homosexuality that underlays Hadrian's visit to his old college is absent from the so-that's-love scene with the novice. It is in the scene with the serving woman, however, that the distance between Luke and Rolfe can be seen most clearly. The same kindly, gossipy, tiresome old dear visits the pope in both scenes, acknowledges the gift that makes her independent, offers the unwanted pickled delicacy that she thinks Hadrian loves. In the play, the pope accepts the onions, opens the jar, eats one painfully, forces one on the young priest who grimaces becomingly, and then, the visitor gone, speaks to the audience: "I know, I'm a hypocrite." In the novel, it is not onions, but pickled samphire (a form of glasswort, which gets its name from *Saint Pierre,* thus Saint Peter's herb and the kind of arcane joke Rolfe liked) and Hadrian buries the jar, unopened, in the Vatican garden.

Alec McCowen's much-praised performance in the title role is busy and crochety, full of physical detail and abrupt shifts of voice, and it can dip to most obvious kind of mugging. An example: Hadrian mounts the papal throne cigarette in hand (the figure in the ads), flicks an ash, does a double take like a small boy calling attention to his naughtiness, becomes again pope and smoker. The incongruity of the act is funnier than the underlining of it, but such excess is characteristic of the performance and the play. McCowen is effectively mischievous, but I never believe either his venom or his pain. To make matters worse, he is surrounded by a group of performers who either let their costumes act for them or who try to top the cardinalitial red with stagey delivery, gestures and facial distortions. Luke has already reduced the satirical slapstick of Rolfe's Sacred College to stage dialect jokes and the actors go him one better and let their accents slip around ecumenically.

Hadrian VII was never the masterpiece the Corvo-questers thought it was, but it is a distinctive and idiosyncratic work. The best of it is lost in the play version and, for me, what Luke and McCowen have substituted is both empty and tiresome. GERALD WEALES

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nerves. He was sure that reptiles were diabolical and unclean; and his taste was for the angelic and the clean." Mr. Clean adjusts to his neurosis by a trick of terminology: he calls it avoiding sin. His immaculate Holiness plays the same game with coffins: he triumphantly snatches virtue out of a death wish. Of a night he lies in bed on his back, "his hands crossed on the breast which had been tatooed with a cross when he was a boy, and his ankles crossed like a crusader, rigid, as he wished to lie in his coffin . . ." But Hadrian's usual and favorite dream, with its sexual overtones—"being invisible and stark-naked and fitted with great white feathery wings, flying with the movement of swimming among and above men, seeing and seeing and seeing, easily and enormously swooping"—confounds him.

Myopic Grandeur

For his last completed book, *The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole* (published posthumously in 1934), Rolfe was indebted to Plato. The plot is a variation upon the Platonic myth of bisexuality: the lengend that the earliest human beings were physical hermaphrodites until the angered Zeus banished the old biology and substituted unisexuality with the result that the penalized yearned to recover their lost synthesis. The hero, Nicholas Crabbe, another instance of Rolfe as he liked to see himself, is involved with a psychically hermaphroditic heroine through whom he realizes "the desire and pursuit of the whole." The title drawn from a Platonic maxim—"the desire and pursuit of the whole is called love"—illustrates the sorry abyss between Rolfe's aspiration in life and his actual accomplishment.

Where love is concerned, Rose-Hadrian is the Rolfe of real life; in the matter of triumphing over his enemies, he is Rolfe writ large: an upper-case projection of his creator, an exercise in wish-fulfillment. Rolfe was a spoiled priest whose only triumph was to be a fictive one, wherein he saw all old scores paid off by his sudden and providential elevation to the Throne of Peter as Pope Hadrian VII. In actuality, his adversaries within the fold were not to see him vindicated even by the simple priesthood which he aspired to, but rather in the pages of his novel. What detractor could prevail against the Triple Tiara? Thus Rose-Hadrian, like Rolfe, collected injustices; but whereas the one sputtered impotently though eloquently at enemies, the other vivisects opponents for the greater glory of God—not to mention his own greater glory.

With the exception of Leon Bloy whom he resembled—both bore malice toward everyone—Rolfe had an unparalleled command of invective. Like his French contemporary, he pursued enemies relentlessly and unforgivingly down the years. He was Epictetus in reverse, a man who remarked: "I cultivate the gentle art of making enemies;" and subsequently added: "I bathe in a row." Broken friendship was the most characteristic feature of his life. He broke off inchoate liasons for two reasons: he pitched his expectations too high—he was ever searching for the "divine friend much-desired;" and he was afraid to risk rejection. This was unfortunate because his brilliance brought him many acquaintances; but before a relationship could grow into friendship his hostilities, frequently in the form of an endless recitation of the wrongs done him, smashed it. So that in the end friendship with Rolfe became—to use the words of Shane Leslie—"a minor experiment in demonology."

The pattern was almost always the same: Rolfe would propose literary collaboration to a talented acquaintance (he should have known Conrad, another collaboration-monger, although his collaborations were not quite so ill-starred) but difficulties would arise as soon as the work commenced, and Rolfe would blister the hapless collaborator with furious letters. For example, once the intended collaborator, a Quaker, found himself accused of treating "a pearl like an animal with a penchant for acorns," and of "snouting and rooting in my lovely Catholic garden." His best known collaborator, Robert Hugh Benson, he dubbed a "sadimaniac;" his last one, Harry Pirie-Gordon, he christened "Caliban." As A.J.A. Symons, Rolfes' biographer, in the fascinating *The Quest for Corvo,* points out: "He strove to make a substitute for affection in collaboration as a form of intimacy."

Rolfe liked to apply to his enemies appropriate utterances of Christ. He rebuked a pen-pal in Venice with the reminder: " 'He who is not with me is against me.' " Not only was Christ-quoting the deadliest weapon in Rolfe's vituperative armory, but the whole Christ stance was one congenial to him. He wanted less to be priest than to be Pope but most of all to be Ruler of the Universe. Pope Hadrian achieves peace and self-realization through physical and mental suffering, which he identifies with Christ's Passion. And in *The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole,* Nicholas Crabbe, Rolfe's last self-portrait, undergoes a Venetian agony that is even more explicitly identified with the Passion of Christ.

These delusions of grandeur were accompanied by megalomania. Rolfe insisted that the world, people and institutions, had to revolve around him. He acted as though other human beings had been created for his sake, and one suspects that he coveted the priesthood exclusively for his own satisfaction. The self-conferred lachrymose Christ wounded-by-the-world air and solipsism are two prongs of paranoia. The third, a persecution complex, was not wanting. Rolfe fancied himself ringed round by foes. "Rolfe saw himself," in the word of A. J. A. Symons, "as a permanently picturesque figure oppressed by a circle of enemies jealous of his talents or exhibiting their own meanness. It was his compensation for the

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maddening sense of failure, for his poverty, for his inability to dominate circumstances as he desired."

Finally Rolfe's style is as bizarre as his personality. His overripe prose, a florid mosaic of offbeat learning and overladen language, is at once execrable and attractive. The staccato brilliance of such an expression from *Hadrian the Seventh* as "that cold white candent voice which was more caustic than silver nitrate and more thrilling than a scream" is undeniable. But the conceit seems forced; the prose elaborate and mannered. Despite occasional happy turns of phrase, there is too much solemnity. *Hadrian* again: "Carvale's eyes had the blue brilliance of wet stars. Saviolli, Semphill, Talacryn, Whitehead were as though they had seen the saxificous head of the Medoysa. Sterling gazed straight before him, in the manner of the sphinx carven of black basalt." The Corvo-minted words, the archaisms, the stress on sharp details of color, the individualistic spelling, the obscure learning, the sumptuous pedantic vocabulary and the unconventional punctuation, in both specimens, are a mixed blessing and point to Rolfe's idiosyncratic command of the resources of language.

Despite his cosmic self-pity, his inordinate arrogance and his compulsive mockery of others, Rolfe, in everything he wrote, managed to project the *fin de siècle* atmosphere with a scarcely rivaled luster. The strutting little *littérateur,* a figure of seedy myopic grandeur, in his pursuit of the "divine friend" has the magnetism of the pathetically comic, at once ridiculous and touching.

CHECKING CHEKHOV

THE SCREEN

As I was watching Sidney Lumet's screen version of Chekhov's play "The Sea Gull," I kept remembering Fanny Brice's wonderful burlesque of Russian plays; parody that caught well the spirit of the gloomy Russian repertory—like the scene that opens with a man entering and saying sadly, "It is raining," to which Fanny answers even more sadly, "It always rains in Russia." There isn't much rain in "The Sea Gull" movie, but there's other inclement weather: extreme heat and cold—and a great deal of sadness, boredom, frustration, and somber bourgeois discontent. It's hard to believe that Anton Chekhov called this play, written in the '90s, a comedy—especially with that suicide at the finale. But perhaps he didn't mean a ha-ha comedy, but a comedy that was life as a whole in which Russians were so casual about suicide and so full of ennui and pessimism about trivia and everything else.

At times the behavior of this ill-fated family and their friends in "The Sea Gull" movie seems as much a travesty as Fanny Brice's kidding. This isn't due to the variety of accents used by producer-director Sidney Lumet's all-star cast; although the outstanding variant is Simone Signoret who speaks a very, very French-English as the aging actress Arkadina, sister of Sorin (Harry Andrews), mother of Konstantin (David Warner), lover of Trigorin (James Mason) all three of whom speak English-English. Since all the characters are Russian, they should probably be speaking with the same accent; however since Arkadina is a flamboyant, self-centered actress it might be possible for her to affect the French pronunciation, so we won't argue too much with that. Perhaps the greatest trouble with the movie is in director Lumet's inability to decide whether it should be done in an old-fashioned style fitting the play's period or in a modern technique. Every now and then he opens up the play and makes it cinematic, but more often he reverts to stage technique as the actors sit around and talk and talk as they bemoan their lot.

Although the good cast is less good in their ensemble scenes, the acting throughout the film is fine. I especially like Kathleen Widdoes as Masha who loves Konstantin but unhappily marries a schoolteacher (Alfred Lynch) whom she treats with contempt; James Mason as the weak-willed Trigorin who only escapes from Arkadina long enough to seduce the willing Nina; Vanessa Redgrave, although too old to be playing this flighty Nina, is impressive in her characterization; Denholm Elliott as the doctor who observes wisely; and Eileen Herlie as Masha's mother. While all the characters do make us laugh from time to time as they go on and on whining in their self-pity, "The Sea Gull" also gets in many licks that are thoughtful—on the generation gap (even then!), on literature, on the acceptance of life. On the whole, it is faithful to Chekhov, and, in spite of its theatricality, increased by color photography that often looks like posed pictures, this version is well worth seeing.

Another play-into-film that is worth your viewing, even though it too is too faithful to the original, is Harold Pinter's "The Birthday Party." It is billed as a comedy of menace—and it is just that. It takes place in the living room of a rundown seaside boarding house where the only roomer (Robert Shaw) is visited by two strange guests (Patrick McGee and Sydney Tafler) who talk in a stream of clichés but manage, in their brutality and insinuations, to terrify the roomer—and us. As always, Pinter, who wrote the screenplay from his play, gives no clues as to who and what, but the frightening goings-on in this normal, one-room setting succeed in keeping us on edge. "The Birthday Party" may be just another filmed play, but its effective direction by William Friedkin and the good cast (which includes Dandy Nichols and Moultrie Kelsall as the hosts in the house) and the eerie Pinter piece should attract audiences looking for the off-beat and inexplicable.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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Thomas Merton

AN ANTI-POEM

Plessy vs. Ferguson: Theme & variations

(Received some months before the author's death.)

1. "We consider the underlying fallacy of the plaintiff's argument to consist in the assumption that enforced separation of the two races stamps the colored race with a badge of inferiority. If this be so it is not by reason of anything found in the act but solely because the colored race chooses to put that construction upon it."

Plessy vs. Ferguson, 163. U.S., 537. (1896)

2. The whole issue is a question of choice. We are only giving you what you want. Why don't you make up your minds?

3. The trouble with the argument is an underlying fallacy which has the following characteristics:

a) It underlies
b) It consists
c) It assumes
d) It enforces
e) It separates
f) It stamps

Why won't you admit that all these things are your fault?

4. Analysis of the above. a) *Underlies.*

The fallacy underlies the plaintiff because he argues.

But the plaintiff is only half white. When a half-white plaintiff puts forward an argument he had better take a look underneath it. He will discover an underlying fallacy. This is due to the fact that his argument is neither black nor white but mixed. If he were all black the fallacy would not be "underlying" but evident on the surface.

Thus it follows that the fallacy of the plaintiff consists in his having chosen a half-white argument and stuck to it, in spite of the act which declares him equal.

5. Meanwhile, *who* is this that is found underlying the plaintiff? That is what this tribunal would now like to discover. How would you feel if it turned out to be your sister?

6. b) *Consists.*

The plaintiff is a living contradiction. The notion of consistency does not apply to his case.

7. c) *Assumes.*

To assume is the same as "to consist in the assumption." But we have seen above that consistency is ruled out of the present case. So is the assumption. How can anything "consist in an assumption" which is at the same time "an underlying fallacy"?

8. d) *Enforces.*

The court enforces the separation of the plaintiff from his own argument and thereby from the underlying fallacy. He is now liberated from all his mistakes. He does not have to go to jail. The Court however enforces the separation of the races, the separation of the acts, the separation of the stamps, the separation of the badges, and the separation of the constructions. They are all equal.

9. e) *Separates.*

Separation stamps: stamps separate. Consider yourself stamped.

10. f) *Stamps.*

Here is your badge. Get back in the other car and stay there. Only there can you be equal. Don't you want to be equal?

11. The colored race is now in a separate toilet constructing what is not found in the act. This shall be made known to all by these presents as "Plessy's fallacy" (or his "underlying assumption").

12. Why did you choose that badge in the first place? Now that you have it, *wear* it. It stamps you with a

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unique choice.

13. We consider the overbearing fantasy of the plaintiff's integument to consist in an assumed pigmentation which forces him to segregate. But this enforced separation is entirely voluntary. To be forced to separate is the only way to be free and equal.

14. If this be so, Plessy is found in the act.

15. He thought he was wearing a badge of inferiority but we taught him different.

16. We consider the plaintiff to consist of two separate and equal races. Thus he cleverly enforces his own assumptions. He is free twice. He is equal twice. This gives him an unfair advantage.

17. They get together in segregated schools and Churches where they conspire to stamp each other with badges of inferiority. They undermine the American way of life.

18. Was anything of the sort ever found in the act? Only the colored race is found in the act. The white race is in the other car where no badge is necessary and nobody is ever stamped. There is indeed an act but nobody is found in it.

19. To wear a badge is the same as being found in the act. This is solely the construction of the colored race which began at the beginning and went on building.

20. (*Years later, after many other acts, many other assumptions, decisions and, above all, constructions*)

Dear Mr. Ferguson:

Do you remember your decision?

It certainly was a good one, seeing that it outlasted all the other decisions meant to reverse it. Well, at present you have the suburbs and we have the cities. You now claim that we do not wish to join you in the suburbs because *de facto* possession of the cities gives us an unfair advantage. Therefore you insist that the police must keep us segregated in the cities. The underlying fallacy of your argument is that the enforced separation of the two races stamps the colored race with a badge of superiority. If this be so it is not by reason of anything found in the act but solely because the colored race chooses to put that construction upon it.

21. (*Envoi*: Ferguson with Judges)

We opened the door for the colored race. We knew it was their only way out. They themselves closed it. Perhaps they had misunderstood our motives. Thus we found ourselves all locked up together in the same construction. Only one question now remains: who will be the first to set fire to the building?

OF CLIBURN, STEBER ET AL.

RECORDS

The first Cliburn recordings of Rachmaninov and Tchaikovsky concertos ten years ago demonstrated that he played even such inferior music with the intelligence, taste and discipline of a great musician; and later recordings of Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann and Chopin provided conclusive evidence that he was one of the musical giants among pianists today. Conclusive evidence, that is, for those who could hear; but in the press he continued to be treated as a mere virtuoso performer of Rachmaninov and Tchaikovsky attempting—commendably, but unsuccessfully—to learn how to play better music. And as recently as last spring the *New Yorker* critic who heard in Barenboim's performance of Beethoven's *Appassionata* Sonata the "extraordinary musical taste and "infallible sense of form" of "one of the world's important artists of the keyboard" found Cliburn's playing in Chopin's E-minor Concerto to be "a bit glib, with . . . no profound understanding of the Chopin style." I note for the record that Barenboim's undisciplined playing in the *Appassionata* revealed a total lack of the taste and intelligence and sense of form that made Cliburn's grandly impassioned playing in the Chopin concerto that of a distinguished artist; and then go on to report that my most overwhelming musical experience in recent months was this artist's performances of Chopin's Sonatas Opp. 35 and 58 on the RCA Victor stereo record. What was overwhelming was not only the works themselves as Cliburn performed them—with a sustained grandeur unprecedented in my experience (the *maestoso* style in which Rubinstein begins Op. 58 is not maintained beyond the opening section), and with the new expressive dimension this gave them; it was also hearing the note-to-note operation of awesome musical powers in some of the greatest making of music on the piano I had ever heard.

The old clichés about the orchestral extravagances covering melodic poverty that the *New Yorker* critic has written about Berlioz have revealed his similar inability to hear the actual music which contradicts them, exemplified in the great melodic writing and marvelous writing for a few winds and strings in the songs *Les Nuits d'Eté*. The superb performance of these songs that Eleanor Steber recorded years ago is still available; and an Angel stereo record now offers another fine one, with the lovely singing of Janet Baker in the beautiful orchestral contexts that Barbirolli—operating with uncustomary straightforwardness for once—produces with the New Philharmonia.

Another Angel stereo record has 13th to 16th-century Andalusian songs sung by Victoria de los Angeles to ac-

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companiments on old instruments. The singing is done with the musical taste and the personal warmth and charm that de los Angeles retains, and with a voice which on side 2 has a last remnant of its former luscious beauty. But even without this beauty, on side 1, the voice is an expressively effective medium for these hauntingly strange songs.

Deutsche Grammophon stereo records offer a new performance of one of the supreme wonders achieved by human powers, Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*. It is paced effectively by Böhm, and has Edith Mathis as Susanna, Hermann Prey as Figaro, Gundula Janowitz as the Countess, Fischer-Dieskau as the Count, and Tatiana Troyanos as Cherubino, with the orchestra of the German Opera in Berlin. Mathis' is the one wholly satisfying vocal performance—Fischer-Dieskau's singing being too explosively vehement, Janowitz's too bland, Prey's voice too obviously that of a German in this Italian music. For me the best recent version is still the one conducted by Leinsdorf on Victor records, with Tozzi, London, Della Casa, Peters and Elias.

The voice of the New York City Opera's leading soprano, Beverly Sills, has lost its loveliness of ten years ago, but—except for an occasional slight edge and tremulousness—is still agreeable to the ear, and an instrument which she uses with impressive technical security and musical style in her delivery of the ornamented melody and spectacular florid passages in the arias of Bellini and Donizetti on a Westminster stereo record. These include the familiar *"Come per me sereno"* from *La Sonnambula* and *"Regnava nel silenzio"* from *Lucia,* and unfamiliar pieces from Bellini's *I Capuleti ed i Montecchi* and Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux* and *Rosamonda d'Inghilterra,* sung with the Vienna Volksoper Orchestra under Jalas. Like Caballé, Sills interpolates specially composed variants of repeats, some of which seem to me excessive; and I am not convinced that because Bellini and Donizetti had to let singers indulge in this practice, it should be indulged in today.

A Decca stereo record has Beethoven's Mass in C, whose wonderfully beautiful and expressive writing includes occasional anticipations of the elevated feeling of the much later *Missa Solemnis*. The work is paced effectively by Frederick Waldman, and is sung and played well by the Musica Aeterna Chorus and Orchestra and a solo quartet comprising Patricia Brooks, Lili Chookasian, George Shirley and Bonaldo Giaotti. Some may prefer the old performance on a Capitol record, reproduced with less clarity and distinctness, but with Beecham's more enlivening conducting.

Handel's superb Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, on an Argo stereo record, is performed excellently by Willcocks with the soprano April Cantelo, the tenor Ian Partridge, the Choir of King's College, Cambridge, and the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. And I prefer this performance to Bernstein's on the Columbia record; but I must mention that the final number comes off the Argo record with almost no bass.

Handel's Concerti Grossi Op. 6 Nos. 2, 4 and 6 on one Deutsche Grammophon stereo record, and Nos. 3, 7 and 9 on another, are performed with rich sonority by the Berlin Philharmonic under von Karajan; but I prefer the performances by Menuhin's smaller Bath Festival Orchestra on Angel records.

And still another Deutsche Grammophon stereo record has Mahler's Symphony No. 4—Mahler at his most relaxed and genial and attractive—performed by Kubelik with the excellent Bavarian Radio Symphony.

B. H. HAGGIN

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BIRON WALKER

THE COMING CLEAN

Within an hour after the old man died,
she came outdoors to hang a wash of clothes.
She was not one to blink the fact, I suppose,
but one to air loss this way and dry-eyed.

What he could leave to her freshens upon
the line; what she can hold of him will lie
in the trunk locked in the sun's sweetness. And I
praise them for their coming clean so soon.

AN APPEAL: Bishop Seitz in South Vietnam, appeals for funds to build a hospital in Dak To, "an area which has been sorely afflicted by the war. The need for medical services is desperate, and building will commence as soon as possible. A woman doctor (French) and a hospital Sister (Swiss) have volunteered to administer the hospital, which will serve both the surrounding villages and the large refugee camps nearby." Readers should send contributions to Most Rev. Paul L. Seitz, Diocese of Kontum (South Vietnam) c/o Box 507, Nashua, N.H. 03060.

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BOOKS

The Church and 'the systematization of demonology'

The Crisis of the Seventeenth Century

H.R. TREVOR-ROPER

Harper & Row, $8.95

JOHN RATTÉ

In 1959 Hugh Trevor-Roper, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, stimulated a wide-ranging debate on 16th- and 17th-century political, social, and intellectual history by publishing in the English journal *Past and Present* an essay entitled "The General Crisis of the Seventeenth Century." In it he argued that the great upheaval of the mid-century—the Puritan revolution in England, more limited revolutions on the continent—marked the moment when European societies threw off the burden of the costly Renaissance courts which had grown up in the previous 200 years. Not frustrated merchants, or emerging middle classes, or utopian intellectuals, but plain old country knights and nobles sick and tired of war and economic chaos were responsible, and their religion, Calvinism and Puritanism, "marked the end of the Renaissance. The playtime [was] over."

Trevor-Roper thus attacked historians who argued that the upheavals of the 17th century marked new forces emerging. Rather, old forces had surfaced once more: the Whig interpretation, which sees everything in European history after the Reformation as part of a defeat of superstition and feudalism by the science, commerce and religion of a rising middle class, received another blow. Now Trevor-Roper has broadened his canvas. Somewhat modified by the controversy in *Past and Present,* the piece of 1959 appears in this volume as the basic social interpretation. But it is complemented by eight other essays which defend their author's contention that the crisis was indeed *general*: that it involved more than a revolt of the pre-Renaissance gentry against the princely state. Three essays are particularly important. In "Religion, the Reformation, and Social Change" Trevor-Roper, consistently revisionist, attacks the Weber-Tawney thesis that things modern, especially capitalism, come out of Calvinist theology and the Puritan ethos. After examining just where the really successful capitalists of the 16th century lived, he argues forcefully that the Protestant countries had capitalism because these entrepreneurs fled to them from their originally Catholic homes, where they were being persecuted, not in their souls, but in their purses. In order to survive Erasmus as well as Luther, the Catholic Church of the Counter-Reformation allied itself with the princely state: "multiplying its abuses, its costly apparatus of power and propaganda, and becoming, for the sake of spiritual supremacy, more and more of a secular monarchy," it suppressed the life of the flourishing urban societies of late medieval Europe, just as it had put down the conciliar movement in the previous century.

Trevor-Roper's vision of the interpenetration of religion and economic life, and especially of the dilemma of the Catholic countries extends into the 20th century. "In the 16th and 17th centuries the underdeveloped countries which had revolted from Rome offered opportunities to the enterpreneurs of the old industrial centers, Flanders, Italy, and Southern Germany; in the 19th century, the underdeveloped Catholic countries offered opportunities to the heirs of those entrepreneurs to return." Insofar as the liberal Catholic movement of the 19th century attempted to break the Church-state tie cemented in the *ancien régime*, "the European Common Market of today, that creation of the Christian Democrats of Italy, Germany, and France, owes something to Hugues de Lamennais."

The same penchant for the sharp thrust into the contemporary world (Trevor-Roper has written extensively on Nazism: his *The Last Days of Hitler* is scarcely challenged by the recent Soviet publication) marks the most important essay in the collection. "The European Witch-craze of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries." This is a powerful and problematic study. Trevor-Roper likes to draw parallels between the religious excesses of that period and the ideological excesses of the 20th century; the trauma of the generation of the 1620's can be well-understood by the generation of the 1930's.

Trevor-Roper rejects the liberal argument that the persecution of witches was a mere delusion, the "artificial intellectual construction" of medieval inquisitors. The pseudo-Aristotelian cosmology of the middle ages had its mirror image in an elaborate demonology. Under the pressures of a struggle for survival, Catholicism insisted more than ever on the truth of that double universe. Witch-hunting, originally the expression of social conflict between the feudal society of the plains of Europe, and the non-conformist mountain cultures where exotic heresies (and non-feudal institutions) flourished, was revived at the very moment when, under the pressure of new commerce and new ideas, it should have died. A localized 14th-century socio-religious movement was generalized into a political weapon by Catholics and Protestants alike: but Trevor-Roper insists that credit for the systematization of demonology must go to the Catholic Church.

The key word here is system. The social type of the heretic, of the witch (whose very denials seemed to confirm the reality of the evil) could not be abandoned until the model of reality of which it was the dark converse was shattered. Even men of comparative enlightenment defended the witch craze by arguing for leniency in the treatment of the accused. Only the scientific revolution of the 17th century shattered

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"the medieval synthesis, which Reformation and Counter-Reformation had artificially prolonged." "Thereafter, society might persecute its dissidents as Huguenots or as Jews. It might discover a new stereotype, the 'Jacobin,' the 'Red.' But the stereotype of the witch had gone."

What is disturbing in this essay is not Trevor-Roper's harsh treatment of the Catholic Church, but rather the suspicion one has in reading it that official Catholicism has still not escaped from the pseudo-Aristotelian cosmology Newton, Descartes and a few others supposedly destroyed. The Catholic countries have made it to modernity, but the Catholic Center has not.

This comment goes beyond Trevor-Roper's brief, which is grim enough. The English historian is a serious man: he allows religion a great deal of force in the historical process; but largely as a *social* phenomenon. Much is gained in this insistence on the social (and in these essays, on the political and even the geographical) determinants which shape the cultural manifestation of religious ideas. But the corollary of this approach is illustrated by an essay ("The Religious Origins of the Enlightenment") in which Trevor-Roper argues that "the doctrines of John Calvin . . . had no direct influence on any ideas which led to the Enlightenment." The argument of this piece is a lot weaker than that of the other attack on the orthodoxies of liberal historiography, but it can be effectively enlarged nonetheless, and when it is, one realizes that the author is arguing that religious movements and individuals contribute to the advance of justice, tolerance, peace, and knowledge only in so far as they "repudiated ideological [read: theological] orthodoxy." A study of three would-be ideologues of the Puritan revolution, followers of Francis Bacon but prisoners of medieval metaphysics, makes the same point. In the religious and intellectual crisis of the 17th century, one step forward usually meant two back.

Trevor-Roper is a very good historian. He writes with brilliance and wit and sometimes good humor. He has no theory of religion and culture. He holds no brief for one form of Christianity over another. He attacks the orthodoxies of Whig progressivism, sociological-historical model-building, and Marxism. These essays do what all great historical writing should do: they tell us about ourselves as well as about our past. The medieval system, undercut in the 16th century, died in the great crisis of the 17th century. The ideals of universal church and empire, feudal social coherence and social order were challenged by the myths of national sovereignty, individualism and reason; and we today suffer as these myths pass away. The parallel between that time and ours, if it were to be more fully drawn, would emphasize that Christians are in a double bind: their 17th-century forebears had to put aside pseudo-Aristotle for Descartes, whereas we have to escape at one and the same time from the theological rationalism of our hellenic past, and the secular rationalism which helped to resolve the crisis which destroyed witches, but came to its own crisis in the century which tried to destroy the Jews.

Revolution for the Hell of It

"FREE" (ABBIE HOFFMAN)

Dial Press, $4.95

RICHARD HOWARD

". . . clarity, alas, is not one of our goals. Confusion is mightier than the sword."

This book—and the reviews that it will receive—deserves attention; true to the Yippie faith (or lack thereof) it *forces* the audience to participate; and true to the walls of the Sorbonne last May-June: "I participate, you participate, he, she, it participates, we participate; THEY PROFIT!"

Columbia and Chicago, Rome and Turin, Berlin and Frankfurt, Nanterre and the Latin Quarter, Brussels and now even London: the New Left has inscribed itself in history. New responsibilities now fall its lot, the most important of which is that, in order to remake that history, the New Left must learn to understand its own historical origins. How "new," really, is it? In what sense is the New Left an outgrowth of the contradictions of consumer capitalism? Or, do its roots go deeper into the past, as deep as the human longing for "freedom"? Hoffman's book is suggestive and demanding.

"We involve people. . . . We are living contradictions." Hoffman is conscious of the "middle-class dropout" character of the Yippie movement; he goes even further, saying that "Runaways are the backbone of the youth revolution." He sees nothing strange in this; the working-class will not make the revolution: they "have a good deal materialistically"—though, of course, not such a "good deal" as those who the movement seeks to "involve."

The tactics of Yip are indicative of the "contradictions" which they "are." More importantly, they indicate contradictions which are the human condition in the plastic USA, Incorporated. The ability to capitalize, as it were, on these immediate contradictions is the ticket of admission into history's theater.

For Hoffman, life is a play . . . or should become one. Conscious of it or not, we are all actors. Usually we are not conscious of it. We are not yet artists; art is conscious creation. Only artists, Hoffman would postulate, can make a revolution which is not a bureaucratic abortion. The duty of the revolutionary? Obviously, to create artists (not unlike god's creation of man!). Tactics? (1) "Props," as Hoffman calls them, are necessary to change the spray-net-and-deodorant world into one big theater. The creation of the "correct" "props" is thus the creation of the "revolutionary moment," one might say. (2) Action, provocation: "Provo." People must be provoked into consciousness-changes; one "actor" takes the initiative, and all the others will receive the "message," through his "mediation." The "conversion" is quasi-religious.

Within this general schema, two factors guarantee the success of Hoffman's enterprise. The first is the use of the mass media. The book is littered with quotes from and references to Marshall McLuhan. Unfortunately—but typically

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—it is not at all clear how the "theories" of McLuhan apply in more than a vague, *a posteriori* sense; nowhere, for example, does Hoffman consider the different effects that Yippie's provo tactics might have on those who hear them on the radio, see them on TV, or read of them in the local paper, though clearly for McLuhan, there is an important difference. More important for the success of Yippie seems to have been its ability to make itself news, to manipulate the "straight" news media, a tactic which is not so original as Hoffman would like to think.

Hoffman recognizes the importance of the so-called technological revolution, and sees in it one of the conditions for the realization of his revolution. "The only pure revolution in the end is technology. Yet that is the same as the revolution in consciousness." The advanced technology of our times has made possible the peculiar form of capitalism under which we live—though, of course, one might argue that the causality in inverse. Because of technology, Hoffman can claim that "Marxism is irrelevant in the USA, as irrelevant as capitalism."

Hoffman doesn't tell us much more about this technological future that he sees; one suspects that his concern with it is about the same as his concern with McLuhan. He sums up his attitude thusly: "I can only relate to Chicago as a personal anarchist. If that sounds egotistical, tough shit . . . The revolution is wherever my boots hit the ground. If the left considers this adventurism, fuck'em, they are a total bureaucratic bore."

What can the reviewer say of this "book"? Personally, I suggest that Dial Press publish a sequel: the collected reviews of *Revolution for the Hell of It* might be more interesting than the original—but no doubt the film rights would be harder to sell!

I mentioned above that in winning its place in history, the New Left has in effect contracted to learn from the history that will be the basis of its future. I don't think that one can say that Hoffman represents the theoretical voice of the New Left; yet he is no lone voice, and he cannot simply be dismissed by the "bureaucratic" or "academic" Left of which he speaks so disdainfully. It isn't his attitude towards socialism, his "adventurism," or his disdain for the working class which is troubling; nor is it the lack of (historical) depth to his understanding of the "technological revolution."

What is striking is that the very definition of "revolution," the goal of Hoffman's provo-prop, so to speak, is *over 130 years old,* was the object of acid criticism by Marx and Engels during the early 1840's, and seemed to have since died a natural death. I am referring to the theories of the so-called "Left-Hegelian" school, which included Bruno Bauer and Max Stirner as its leading representatives. "Pure criticism" incarnating the "Absolute Idea," the highest freedom had become, they argued, reality in the philosopher, whose duty it thence became to "enlighten" the world. Max Stirner preached an "absolute egoism" which was to free mankind from such "thought-needs" as religion, food and drink. These "philosophers" had nothing but contempt for the real world and the real men inhabiting it; for them only the "free" were worthy companions: unfortunately, the "free" are, by definition, "Spirits," incorporeal and unaffected by the world. The grubby masses were worthy only of contempt; their "superstitious" demands for the common comforts of the time are but a "reflection" of their lack of "*esprit*": they could be bought off with material goods, these superstitious ones who do not understand the "absolute freedom" offered them by the "critical philosopher."

Space prohibits a longer treatment of the 19th-century origins of Hoffman's "revolution in consciousness." Suffice it to say that the analogy between the "critical philosopher" and the "prop-producing activist" is too strong to neglect. It is disturbing that, because it refuses to treat the past as real, as something from which to learn, the New Left—and not just Yippie—is repeating the errors of 19th-century bourgeois idealism. The "marxism" practiced in the USSR and China, or that advocated by the U.S. Communist Party, is certainly terribly irrelevant; but to ignore Marx for this reason is to commit the fallacy of guilt by association. Marx's criticism of the abstract idealistic "revolutionism" of the Young Hegelians holds with equal force against Hoffman and his friends. Perhaps they will look at Marx and Engels' Holy Family and German Ideology.

George Eliot: A Biography

GORDON S. HAIGHT

Oxford University Press, $12.50

JOSEPH WIESENFARTH, F.S.C.

Marian Evans and George Henry Lewes were two of the ugliest people in Victorian London. She was said to have the face of a horse; he, the head of a monkey. To some, this lack of beauty correlated with the moral ugliness of their union. Gordon S. Haight's *George Eliot: A Biography* takes us behind these appearances and reveals the realities. It is a book made out of hard facts, showing George Eliot and her contemporaries as they were; without question, it is the definitive biography.

Mr. Haight sensed its need as far back as 1933. Refusing to take neglect as true valuation, he published his first study of Eliot in 1940. In 1954-55, his *George Eliot Letters* appeared. His scholarship—along with F. R. Leavis' *Great Tradition* (1948)—gave George Eliot back to postwar readers. Since then books and articles have multiplied. Mr. Haight's voice no longer cries in the wilderness. It now rises above the clatter.

George Eliot was born in Warwickshire in 1819. She was educated in Nuneaton and Coventry: there she adopted Evangelicalism and learned the rudiments of culture. Growing into young womanhood, she read widely and studied languages. By the time she met the Brays and Hennells, she was something of a prodigy. Their liberal theology helped rid her of her fundamentalism, and soon she was feuding with her father because of her refusal to attend church. Adding Hebrew to Latin, Greek and German, she translated Strauss's

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Leben Jesu. Not long after, she was editing the liberal *Westminster Review*.

In London, she met many notables, Lewes among them. Unable to get a legal divorce from his frequently unfaithful wife, Lewes nevertheless considered his marriage terminated. Marian had just translated Feuerbach: acting on the belief that Love is God, she and Lewes left for Germany as man and wife in July 1854. With his encouragement she wrote fiction and became George Eliot. "George was Mr. Lewes' Christian name, and Eliot was a good mouth-filling, easily pronounced word." Thus Marian Evans pseudonymously attained the success otherwise denied a pariah. Novel followed novel, and George Eliot gained world renown. In 1878, Lewes died; the happiest illegal marriage ever known came to an end. She died in 1880, after a brief second marriage.

The picture of George Eliot that Mr. Haight fleshes out over this skeleton is touchingly human. Her inability to stand alone unifies it, drawing together her associations with Brabant, Chapman, Spencer, Lewes, Blackwood, Cross and others. In Haight's book the sober lady of Cross' *Life* is found torn between sensual and moral tendencies. In addition, she flirts, practices birth control, concerns herself with shillings, fears adverse criticism, and encourages the affection of emotionally unstable women. In short, Mr. Haight gives his reader a living woman: "if she hadn't been human with feelings and failings like other people, how could she have written her books?"

The biography has dull moments, of course. Too many celebrities are named. Too many itineraries are given. Too many opinions of the novels recorded. But these are excusable amid the drama. Much makes up for them. There is "The Holy War" between father and daughter when Marian's conscience offends his respectability. There is 142 Strand where John Chapman played philanderer-king with wife, mistress and Marian: "he maintained in the heart of mid-Victorian London a household no novelist would have dared to describe." There is the egregious Mr. Liggins, who told the world he was George Eliot and forced Marian to claim her name. There is the agonizing composition of *Romola*: "I began it a young woman,—I finished it an old woman." These events and more unfold amid the facts of a gifted, conscientious woman's search for acceptance by family and society.

Occasionally one quarrels with an interpretation of the facts. The Leweses' need for money seems hardly dire enough to justify their taking *Romola* to Smith, rather than Blackwood. Should Henry James be blamed for his annoyance over *The Europeans*? Marian's morbid sensitivity to the slightest criticism easily excuses James's taking offense with Lewes's rudeness: "Ah, those books—take them away, please, away, away!" Casaubon's search for a primitive revelation has respectable scholarly antecedents, and should not be too closely associated with Dr. Brabant's "epoch-making" non-book.

Such differences of opinion will persist. The merit of Haight's biography, however, is that one has facts to base one's opinions on. Indeed, interpretation fills only a small portion of the book. There is almost no literary interpretation, for instance. The author has studied not to explicate these novels he knows so well. Others may balk this decision, but to me it seems correct. Mr. Haight chooses to report the contemporary impact of the novels and make the reader wonder how a woman could so shake the scene. What *Middlemarch* did to London can only make us want to reread it. Modestly, Gordon Haight prefers to give us back George Eliot's novels rather than to give us his interpretation of them. Happily, this will be the continuing effect of his truly distinguished biography.

The Arms of Krupp

WILLIAM MANCHESTER

Little, Brown, $12.50

WILSON C. McWILLIAMS

Nominally, the thesis of Manchester's tome is that Alfred Krupp, a justly convicted war-criminal, was reprieved and restored to his property in order to placate German opinion and buttress the anti-Communist crusade in Europe. This is hardly news, but a book which restricted itself to this argument would be useful and would possess the additional merit of being 800 pages shorter and ten dollars cheaper than the present volume.

Instead, Manchester has given us an extended gossip column. He is incapable, it would appear, of resisting any detail or anecdote. Especially, it should be added, any salacious detail or anecdote; we are told at length of the anal-eroticism of Alfred Krupp, the homosexuality of Friederich-Alfred, and provided with the winking implication that in the current heir, Arndt von Bohlen, the sins of Great-grandfathers have come home to roost (there are two pictures of Arndt in "drag").

There is nothing wrong with a little salacity, of course. Yet in Manchester's book, the mass of irrelevant detail slowly engulfs the horror, becoming a great potato dumpling of lechery and baby-stories blotting out the conscience. One forgets that the Essen synagogue is now a display museum for Krupp products; one remembers that Bertha Krupp (the original "Big Bertha") may have ruined her son's life and the dynasty's by opposing his first marriage.

In a perverse sense, that may be the greatest merit of the book. In the end, the Krupps seem little more than a family with a lot of money and an unusually high sense of obligation to those under them—for they did, as more than one family head asserted, show a greater concern and willingness to labor for the welfare of their workers than would have been possible in a joint stock corporation. They were, after all, only struggling to preserve a family heritage. Good Germans, they were not unusually pro-Nazi before 1933; Gustav Krupp, though a monarchist, always demanded that proper respect be showed the President of Weimar. In one sense, they were little more than wealthy versions of the "law-and-order" middle class. If Germans were delighted with Alfred's rehabilitation, it was only because they knew that Krupp was their case writ large: if he were guilty, the nation could not escape judgment. The Krupps come

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to prove Hannah Arendt's point: the worst forms of evil are banal.

Manchester does not see it that way, and despite his tendency to smother the point, he is clearly bitterly convinced of some special Krupp wickedness. That, however, says more about Manchester than the Krupps. Manchester shows a suspicious fondness for writing intimate family sagas (his previous books include a study of the Rockefellers as well as his tales of the Kennedys), a fascination with the rich and powerful. He adopts the worst of academic styles as a camouflage (the book is heavily footnoted, and Manchester translates everything into the original German at every opportunity) but it fails to conceal. He enjoys the family anecdote as he does the sex-story because it makes him feel *intime* and because it allows him to mock the great.

Manchester does not hate evil; he envies wealth and power with the classic ambivalence felt by the *kleinbürger* for the greater. The really spiteful hostilities of the book are reserved for Berthold Beitz, a Madison Avenue type brought in by Alfred Krupp in the last years, and for Arndt von Bohlen. The first called himself "the American" and cultivated the ways of Manchester's people; he can be treated with the contempt men reserve for imitators, Kipling's distaste for the literate babus, especially since he has now failed. Arndt, who has demonstrated the good sense of wanting to enjoy the Krupp millions, is really guilty, not of touching tainted money—which is the substance of Manchester's charge—but of violating the family tradition, bringing the dynasty to an end, descending to the level of ordinary men.

Manchester writes with the tone of the lower middle class which can admire power when it strides arrogantly like the gods, but which waits, jackal-like, for the first faltering step. Even the weapon Manchester employs is that of earlier lower middle class critics: a sniggering moralism, betrayed by its over-eager sniffling for the human odors of the powerful.

That is a poor substitute for moral judgment. Manchester may think he has slain a god, but he has only sniped at a rather poor variety of the human arrival. If the mind of William Manchester were a bit more outraged, and were given wings by the courage of desperation, there would be much in it to remind us of that last champion of the lower middle class who, in the event, actually bent the House of Krupp to his will.

After the Tradition: Essays on Modern Jewish Writing

ROBERT ALTER

Dutton, $5.95

IRVING MALIN

In his preface to this collection of challenging, graceful, and shrewd essays Mr. Alter writes: "The excitement caused by the rise to prominence in American literature during the '50s and '60s of writers of Jewish origin is easy enough to understand though in some ways difficult to justify critically." He has not surrendered to the "excitement"; he remains a sharp non-believer.

Mr. Alter believes that "Jewishness" is sentimentalized not only by WASPs but by third generation Jews. Both groups lack knowledge of the tradition—they cannot, for example, read Hebrew or identify Sabbatai Zevi—and they assume, consequently, that Jewishness is merely archetypal or metaphorical. They embrace soft, false abstractions.

But Mr. Alter refuses to stop here. He especially dislikes sophisticated writers who hypnotize the general reader. He attacks Leslie Fiedler's "grand mythic plot which, in sundry variations, modifications, and reversals, is presumed to underlie all Jewish literature, and apparently, all Jewish cultural activity as well." He cannot accept the Jew as sole "vendor of dreams." He realizes that not all Jews are Josephs (and vice versa); he insists that many of the prophetic qualities cited by Fiedler belong to Gentiles. Alter strikes out at this particular sentimentalized, convenient dream—he calls it "quaint"! —because he desperately wants to save art (and Jewishness) from the "pleasing

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symmetry" of archetypal criticism.

The problem with Mr. Alter's evaluation is that in his first section, "Varieties of Jewish Experience," he does not completely define Jewishness. Is it theological? Is it limited to orthodox believers? Can it survive without Hebrew? Such questions remain unanswered. Often Mr. Alter assumes different positions so that we are left unsure of the underlying reasons for his rage. Perhaps this very uncertainty (or complexity?) is more to Mr. Alter's liking than ingenious, grand, and obsessive dreams, but I am not entirely convinced. At least Fiedler risks the "impossible"; he does not merely stand aside and use such words as "irrational."

"Sentimentalizing the Jews," another representative essay, begins with this sentence: "The peculiar cultural phenomenon which some choose to call an American Jewish literary renaissance is by now showing signs of having overstayed its critical welcome: one begins to suspect that too much has been made of what may not have been such a significant or valid development in the first place." The sentence is revealing. Mr. Alter is again the eminently sane observer of the scene; he refuses to surrender because of his superior knowledge. He remains cool; the others—*who are they*?—dance wildly.

Mr. Alter is, of course, justified when he attacks the fakery and self-deception of Faust or Wallant. (Fiedler is also attacked in the essay.) He notes the "ersatz touches of Jewish local color" and the impossible "conversions." But *he* continues to be "invisible." In one paragraph he refers to the "so-called American Jewish writers" as "only peripherally or vestigially Jewish." What *chutzpah*! Why are they so? Is it because they can't translate Hebrew as well as Mr. Alter? What are the true reasons?

Mr. Alter refers to *A Pile of Stones* as a striking contrast to most American Jewish fiction which presents "Jews as holy sufferers, adepts of alienation, saintly buffoons, flamboyant apostles of love." Nissenson is said to be a "genuinely religious writer." From this sentence (and other offhand remarks) I gather that Mr. Alter views Jewishness as primarily theological. I agree with him. I have argued elsewhere, however, that such writers as Fiedler, Rosenfeld, and Roth have attempted to redefine their religious heritage. They are searching, whether they realize it or not, for new divinity; but their *search itself* is genuinely religious. (I do not defend *all* their fictions as Jewish.) I admire Mr. Alter's biting criticism; it seems to me, nevertheless, that he refuses to recognize his own theological (?) bias and dream.

Perhaps I can illustrate my disagreement with his incomplete approach by quoting the following sentence from his preface: "It would never have occurred to me, for example, to write an essay on Norman Mailer while involved with the concerns of this book because Mailer's Jewish origins have only the most marginal bearing on his work as a writer." Mailer is said to have "Jewish origins." The phrase is ambiguous; we are not told why they are Jewish. (We guess that they are a matter of descent.) These origins are then called "marginal" to his fiction. Mr. Alter does not leap. I find it interesting that Mailer has written on Hassidic tales for *Commentary;* has worshipped the devil in *An American Dream*; and has concerned himself obsessively with new Messiahs throughout his career. In another essay, "The Apocalyptic Temper," Mr. Alter writes that "Judaism's characteristic development of the prophetic vision was messianism. . . ." Although he praises *Herzog* here for its messianic vision, he makes no connection between such vision and Mailer's fiction. His critical insights are thus weakened by apparent contradictions and loopholes.

I do not want to end on a note of disagreement. I am grateful to Mr. Alter not only for forcing me to define more precisely my own Jewishness but helping me to learn much about certain aspects of "the tradition." I know more now about "The Israeli Scene"—to quote the title of his third section—especially the problems of writing contemporary fiction in a "holy alphabet." I also understand that Isaac Bashevis Singer joins many other Jews in being troubled by the implications of Sabbatai Zevi; false messiahs have always tempted the Jewish imagination.

Mr. Alter and I read post-traditional American-Jewish literature in different ways, but we share the assumption that at its best it ambivalently and powerfully informs us of "the precarious, though stubborn, experiment in the possibilities of historical continuity, when most of the grounds for continuity have been cut away."

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REVIEWERS

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IN BRIEF

The Case for de Gaulle. By John L. Hess. Morrow, $5.

Whether on the Mid-East, the dollar, the Common Market, Quebec, or NATO, Charles de Gaulle pursues policies which at least make better sense than most Americans suspect. This is the argument of *New York Times* correspondent Hess who performs an able task of defending the leader. American public opinion was recently pushing for Bogeyman of the Year. If Hess' book, like so many others, seems difficult to reconcile with the turmoil in France last year, it may be that the author has not recognized an ironic fact: as tireless leader of the international loyal opposition, de Gaulle may better serve America than he does France.

Process Thought and Christian Faith. By Norman Pittenger. Macmillan, $3.95.

Christianity's historical alliance with metaphysics has created a troublesome philosophic second front. Once considered the queen of the sciences, theology now seems more the weak sister of phi-

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losophy. For it is on the latter's ground that the major intellectual debates are staged. Ought faith conform to idealism, realism, transcendentalism, materialism *etcetera*? Veteran theologian Norman Pittenger of Cambridge makes a case for Whiteheadean process philosophy in this brief, lucid exposition. *Process Thought and Christian Faith* is a not-too-academic introduction to a current trend in the grand movement of reconciling worldviews with heaven-views.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 575)

state unit officers.

Thus, if one chooses to write of "The NAACP," the "NAACP leadership" or to venture a conjured comparison with other organizations, one must know whereof he speaks, else he could be writing to a point of view rather than to a set of facts.

Mr. Wulf treats truth casually by asserting that "a large section of the Association walked out of the organization" at its 1968 convention in Atlantic City, New Jersey. The fact is that there were 1,377 voting delegates, 900 of whom remained to the final day of the six-day meeting. At the concluding session of the convention an estimated 75 persons walked out largely for the benefit of the television cameras. Most of these returned and took part in the later stages of the meeting.

The writer's erroneous use of "a large section" is ludicrous enough, but I cannot forbear to point out that I did not "in effect" or otherwise throw Gene McCarthy out of the meeting hall where, in Mr. Wulf's language, "he had appeared to greet the delegates." At no time did Senator McCarthy appear in a meeting hall to greet NAACP delegates. No candidate was invited and none appeared.

The title may or may not have been Mr. Wulf's selection, but in the interest of simple accuracy the word "purge," according to dictionaries, means "to rid of," "to clear or free" or, as a noun, "the removal or elimination of." At the NAACP only Lewis Steel was removed; the others left of their own choice through their wholly voluntary resignations.

ROY WILKINS

Reply

Nothing in Mr. Wilkins' letter meets the two central charges in my article: that Steele's discharge was an inexcusably timed act, and that the headlong acceptance of the resignations submitted by the rest of the legal staff reflected sheer delight at getting rid of a group of lawyers who, Wilkins thought, was accomplishing more than he really wanted accomplished.

If he will address himself to those issues, rather than just pick irrelevant nits, I would be happy to reply. As it is, I can only continue to wonder at the recent *New York Times* editorial observation about Mr. Wilkins' "characteristically courageous" behavior.

MELVIN WULF

A Bum Trip

New York

To the Editors: I've heard Celia Hubbard's rap before ("Missing the Yellow Submarine" [Dec. 27]). It's one any hippie-looking hitchhiker will eventually hear. On some freeway, from some straight driver beaming goodfellowship as he stops to pick you up. The rap usually begins, "Are you going to Haight-Ashbury?" You try to head off the inevitable, answering, truthfully, no, you're going to visit some friends who live very quietly in the farming country around Sacramento.

Your driver isn't listening, though. He is telling you how fine it is to pick up young people on their way to the Haight, like yourself, young people full of love and brotherhood and holiness. The exploding plastic inevitable is picking up steam, and there's not a thing you can do about it. But sometimes, if you've had good luck hitching and are not too tired, you try to hold out. You try to tell your driver that although you consider yourself a freak and a dropout and are proud of it, there are very big problems.

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To the Occasional Reader:

THIS FEBRUARY 7 ISSUE does tell you something about *Commonweal*—its timeliness, scope and general tone, a few of the subjects in which it is keenly interested, and various ways in which it provides insight on the political, cultural and religious issues of the day. But only by reading successive issues of *Commonweal* for a period of several months can you grasp the full force and unique flavor of this lay-edited, national journal of opinion.

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The Editors

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Maybe you'd even get a chance to tell him that McLuhan notwithstanding, hip culture is in danger of being killed by the media that disseminates it. Your driver listens to rock music, of course; he finds the sound exciting and the lyrics prophetic. Rarely, however, does he realize that in the case of just too many rock groups, their second record is far inferior to their first. Or why: because only groups who prove themselves to be big money-makers get to make second records, and they're encouraged to work up their flashiest stuff.

Or you might even get a little angry and want to bully your driver some. You want to tell him for god's sake to *listen* to you, to really *look* at the next stoned kid in expensive bellbottoms who panhandles him in Golden Gate Park. Or even—if he can deprive his senses of groovy light-show media-mix assaults—to read. To read Nicholas von Hoffman on racism in the Haight, or Abbie Hoffman on why Yippie excesses are the only honest form of political action for some of us. To forget about the gurus and the wise men from the East for a while and maybe even read a good straight book like John Seeley's *Crestwood Heights,* a brilliant study of upper-middle-class suburbia of the '50s that can teach one staggering amounts about the Haight-Ashbury's and Drop Cities of the '60s. To learn to deal with my generation in all its complexity and self-contradiction; to know our saints but also to see how many of us are in hell.

But you never get a chance to bully your driver, you never even get a chance to talk to him. He's been oblivious to you all through the ride, while he's been telling you what he's learned from the people who are getting rich on hip culture. He believes what he reads on the backs of record album jackets, what they sing in the slick rock musicals and wowie-zowie night clubs (that big blue building on St. Mark's Place is known as the Electric Fascist to local residents). He grooves on the watered-down adolescent *Angst* of Simon and Garfunkel (Holden Caulfield set to the harmonies of the Kingston Trio), but misses the brutal ironies of the Rolling

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Stones, who "drink to the hardworking people," but are honest enough to admit that from their own vantage-point of wealth and fame, the hardworking people "don't look real to me." Your driver would never even allow himself to hear the pure venom of the Mothers of Invention, in 1950's rock falsetto:

What's the ugliest part of your body?
What's the ugliest part of your body?
Some say your nose,
Some say your toes,
But I think it's your mi-ind,
Your mi-ind,
But I think it's your mi-ind
Wah wah

People like this driver don't hear *anything* that might cloud their image of my generation. They can't. They've got their own personal hangups, about their homes, their jobs, maybe even their church, and they want to believe that all the virtues they can't find in *their own* institutions exist unadulterated in some plastic-fantastic version of *mine*. Well, maybe becoming the subject of such self-indulgent fantasies isn't really an exorbitant price to pay for a free ride down the freeway, but it makes me sad.

For if such people are so vulnerable to the popularizations and oversimplifications of hip, can we trust them to deal honestly and honorably with their own world? They want so earnestly to believe in a beautiful way out of the mess that they see around them, that they seem to forget how to think critically and to really see what's going on. Of course, hip nostrums like "Man, we're not asking you to follow anything" provide a justification. But that cat from *Hair* also urged his audience to "just dig what's going on." Digging what's going on is not always easy or pleasurable. Sometimes it means knowing the *facts* of the matter, seeing things in clear light rather than in psychedelic technicolor.

Hip culture demands help and understanding, not empty praise. Not to understand it, to use it self-indulgently or for polemical purposes, is perhaps to help to kill it. (A particularly American form of murder, of course: don't eliminate your enemy; simply turn out myriad synthetic versions of him until he is lost among them. We have glossy movies about Ché and the black militants, too.)

Perhaps hippies just can't keep accepting free rides, because too many people are out for exploitation, even of the most innocent, well-meaning, self-indulgent varieties. Little by little, the farming communes are learning not to let in the photographers from *Time-Life*, even if it means losing the money for a badly-needed tractor.

So let Celia Hubbard go speeding by in her yellow submarine, blithely exhorting her readers to dig and groove, (never seeming to realize that grooving is what Philip Berrigan is into every day that he reaffirms the sanctity of life in the grey of Allenwood prison, far from the music and colored lights). Miss Hubbard is on a bum trip, one I'd just as soon miss. PAMELA RITTERMAN

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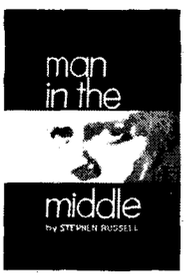

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